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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising: Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 13, Woburn Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*.

GEMS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH before the Union League Club of Philadelphia on November 17:

America is much more than a geographical location. It is a combination and a relationship. It is the destiny of a masterful pioneering people . . . determined to be free.

Our country is the result of incomprehensible triumph.

Rightly understood there is no more sensational story of human experience. Society is made up of constants and variables. The variables attract us by their contrasts and are always appearing in the headlines. But the constants always predominate, always push ahead in the march of progress.

History is littered with nations destroyed by their own wealth. It is true that we have accumulated a small, but a blatant, fringe of extravagance and waste, nourished in idleness, and another undesirable class who seek to live without work. A successful people are always a mark for the vicious and the criminal but these are conspicuous mainly by contrast. The great mass of our people, whatever their possessions . . . know that the doctrine of ease is the doctrine of surrender and decay.

The Nation hereby offers a reward of one hundred dollars to any reader who can convince its editors that a more "blatant fringe" of buncombe and senseless hokum exists in any speech of any other President in our history, the preeminent Warren G. Harding alone being barred.

THE CUT IN THE BRITISH naval building program from three 10,000-ton cruisers to one of 8,000 tons comes in the nick of time. Undoubtedly the credit for it must be given to Lord Robert Cecil, whose admirable fight against his former colleagues in the British Government gives promise of offsetting some of the compromises and errors in the career of this erratic but engaging statesman. Beyond question there will be a most serious drive for big navy appropriations in Washington just as soon as Congress assembles. All our timid patriots and all the demagogues of the Mayor Thompson school will unite in urging that we outdo in armaments the very ally to whom we swore eternal fealty only ten years ago. That we are building against her is now perfectly obvious; our fleet has outstripped Japan's and there is no one else to arm against. Our jingoes will, of course, see in the cutting of the British Admiralty's building program a victory for us. We prefer to believe that a sober second thought is responsible for the change. Liberal and Laborite in Great Britain alike insist that the delegates to the Geneva naval conference gravely misrepresented British public opinion. Press dispatches refer to the "wave of pacificism now sweeping over England"; that tide has been rising in England ever since the end of the war.

INDIANA IS HOUSECLEANING. Clyde Walb, Republican State chairman, under fire from the *Indianapolis Times*, announces his retirement from politics. The *Times*, continuing its good work, has revealed Mr. Walb's activity in behalf of T. Guy Perfect, a wealthy resident of Huntingdon, Indiana, who had been convicted of seducing a 14-year-old girl. Mr. Walb's work coincided with the investment of \$2,500 by Mr. Perfect's family in Mr. Walb's construction company. Meanwhile, four of the nine councilmen of the "majority faction" in Indianapolis have been indicted by the Marion County grand jury, on charges of accepting bribes to break down zoning provisions in the city. The grand jury has extended its investigation into the State House, and is now following up charges of corruption in connection with the Insull public-utility interests. When Indianapolis's mayor went to jail the distraught city council, several of its members themselves under indictment, settled a tangled question temporarily by choosing a Democrat, L. Ert Slack, for the place after thirty-eight ballots. Although Mr. Slack has been conspicuous as attorney for the Klan and for the "majority faction," he has pledged himself to a clean-up and his first acts seem to confirm his pledge. Much credit for the thorough job of setting Indiana's house in order is due to William H. Remy, Marion County prosecuting attorney, and to the present Marion County grand jury and its foreman, William J. Mooney.

"BAWLING AT THE VOTERS" is what Professor William B. Munro of Harvard University calls the efforts of various civic organizations to get people to go to the polls regardless of whether they know or care anything about the candidates or questions involved. Speaking recently before the National Municipal League, Mr. Munro

described the practice of encouraging citizens to "certify their lack of knowledge" at the polls as ridiculous and more dangerous to the community than complete indifference toward the "slacker vote." A day or so later John Hays Hammond of the National Civic Federation expressed almost the same idea. "Doubling an uninformed vote only clogs the election machinery and is a liability instead of an asset," he said. "The various slogans, such as 'Vote as you please, but vote,' and the buttons inscribed 'I have voted; have you?' mean little in themselves in terms of enlightened citizenship." We are glad to see these indications of agreement with the position *The Nation* has taken in regard to all these recent campaigns to "get out the vote." But neither Professor Munro nor Mr. Hammond gets to the bottom of the trouble, which is that the two major parties purposely sidestep all the real political issues of the day so that there is no essential choice between their candidates and platforms. "Get out the issues" is the slogan of *The Nation*. Once that is done, the vote will take care of itself.

THE EXPULSION from the Communist Party of Leon Trotsky, Karl Radek, L. Kamenev, Gregory Zinoviev, and eighty-odd of their companions-in-opposition forms a striking sequel to the love-feast of the recent anniversary. No sooner had the guests gone home from Soviet Russia's birthday celebration than the press announced this apparently final rupture in the ranks of the ruling party. Barring compromise amounting to surrender on the part of the Opposition, these erstwhile leaders appear to be cast, not only into outer darkness, but into idleness, penury, and possible starvation. Their jobs and their homes, no less than their opinions and political activities, are in the hands of the dominant majority. No good Communist—and, in the party or out, not one of the Opposition members would admit he was anything else—can earn a living by ordinary means. He cannot buy and sell; he cannot write articles for the foreign "bourgeois" press (and no Communist paper the world over would print his views); he is untrained, usually, for factory or farm work. His dissidence condemns him to an idleness which must look little better than prison. It is difficult at this distance to understand why a Government like that in Russia, powerful and held in power by the strong logic of economic forces, should not be able to make use of the very unusual abilities of these political heretics—who are, at the same time, honest revolutionaries.

PERHAPS, AS REVOLUTIONARIES, they are too honest, too stubborn. They see the revolution being swept into strange bypaths that may or may not rejoin the high-road toward communism. They cannot sit back and say nothing while concessions to the peasants create what they believe will be a vast and stolid bourgeoisie of small landed proprietors. They cannot contentedly watch Russia plunge into an era of industrial activity based on close economic relations with a capitalistic world. The Revolution, they say, is revolution only if looked on as a phase of a world movement. The Government must pursue a policy of "permanent revolution," using every means that is necessary to dominate the peasant masses and to propagate communism in other countries. But the energy of Russia is pushing in other directions—toward production, reconstruction, industrial development, rather than toward world revolution. Trotsky and his associates are playing the ungrateful role of obstructionists, and as such they seem doomed. A strong

and ruthless majority, which has on its side the temper of the people and the logic of events, wipes them out of political existence.

REORGANIZATION OF THE COAL INDUSTRY has been urged by every investigating committee which ever honestly peered into this industrial morass. But nothing has been done. Now President Green of the American Federation of Labor is to call on President Coolidge and place before him charges of brutality and lawlessness on the part of State troopers, deputy sheriffs, and coal company police in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia. The appeal, drawn up by the Council of the Federation, says:

We call upon the churches, the educational institutions, and all liberal-minded and free institutions and organizations to come into Pittsburgh, to see what we have seen, to learn for themselves, to behold this degradation and oppression and brutality, to witness this economic and social tragedy, to learn of the perversion of the judicial processes and of the feudalistic police control in the State of Pennsylvania.

These may seem strong words; but a dreadful and by no means recent situation amply justifies them. It is not enough to say that the children of miners are hungry and without shelter; or that miners' wives are enduring daily hardship because of the refusal of their husbands to work. Possibly, whatever the merits of the situation, those who feel the need to strike must be prepared to bear the consequences of their decision. But no strike, no injustice whether to employer or worker can ever justify the strong-arm methods now in force in the striking counties. Mounted policemen who ride down women and children are not to be endured; armed thugs who beat up defenseless strikers are not to be endured; agents provocateurs who try to stir up trouble and, failing that, testify that trouble is brewing, are not to be endured. President Coolidge would do well to cease talking about prosperity until these things are stopped.

MR. HEARST has been publishing in his papers a magnificent series of documents which are supposed to brand Calles and Mexico for all time. Apparently they are facsimiles of original orders by which President Calles directed that various large sums of money be paid to his friends in all parts of the world. If the documents had been more modest it might have been easier to believe them. But, after beginning with payments to the Nicaraguan Liberals who were finally defeated by the United States Marines, they continued to show payments for revolutionary propaganda in Russia and China. The thought of little Mexico financing Russian and Chinese revolution is a real triumph of the human imagination; but we have reason to believe that the original set of documents included others which seemed too preposterous for even Mr. Hearst to publish. The New York *Telegram* comments upon another evidence that Mr. Hearst's editors did not entirely trust the accuracy of their own revelations: Between editions they altered the date appearing in one of these "photostat copies!" Indeed there are several instances in which the artist of the documents seems to have got his dates mixed.

THE GERMAN POLICE, meanwhile, have discovered a real international financial plot—a plan to ruin Soviet Russia by flooding the international market with

forged *chervonetz* notes. The original conspirators were Caucasian revolutionaries, and according to the press reports—this part of the story has not yet been confirmed—they had the interested support of Sir Henry Deterding, head of the Royal Dutch Shell Oil Company, who is supposed in Russia to have been responsible for the break in Russo-British diplomatic relations. The Berlin correspondent of the *New York Times* makes the natural guess that favorable oil concessions had been promised him in the event of success. At any rate, millions of forged *chervonetz* notes were manufactured in Frankfurt-am-Main and shipments for various European capitals had been prepared when the German police got on the trail of the forgers. With the cooperation of the French police they have arrested the apparent leaders, but the ramifications of the plot touch so many highly placed European personalities that the police have been instructed to keep further details secret.

CAMBRIDGE WITHOUT DR. CROTHERS must lose something of its charm. For, though an immigrant into the Harvard community, he struck such deep roots that the younger generation came to regard him as one of the founding fathers. Brought up in the pioneer West, a graduate of Princeton, ordained in the most un-Bostonian Presbyterianism, he was for more than thirty years pastor of the Unitarian First Parish of Cambridge, which in a large sense of the word is the Harvard Church. And he did maintain the elder Harvard tradition. He preached a bland liberalism which concealed, as did his *Atlantic* essays, its heretic implications beneath a polished surface. The hysterias of the Boston community never found expression through this adopted son from the West; often enough that community never realized how he was chuckling at it. But several generations of college men have left Cambridge a little more civilized because of his spirit.

IN THE DEATH of Frances Gardner Davenport the United States loses a historian of distinction. She was educated at Radcliffe, the London School of Economics, Cambridge, and took her Ph.D. at the University of Chicago. At Radcliffe she came under the influence of Professor William J. Ashley, who one autumn handed her some manor rolls that he had purchased in England for Harvard. She spent many years on these and allied documents, visiting the manor itself, and in 1906 published the "Economic History of a Norfolk Manor." After teaching a year at Vassar College, in 1905, she went to the newly created Historical Department of the Carnegie Institution where, under Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, her most important work was accomplished. As the compiler and expositor of "European Treaties Bearing on the Economic History of the United States" Frances Davenport will be known as long as United States history is studied. Her first volume was published in 1917. Two others were complete at her death save for some last checking up of authorities, bringing the work down to 1713. Each treaty is preceded by a careful exposition of the political and economic history bearing upon the document—terse writing, impregnable as to fact. No journey was too great for this historian to take to study original archives, no language too difficult for her to master if new material was to be found. Her patience was extraordinary and her lively interest in her work never flagged. "I knew I took a subject that needed a lifetime," she said a few weeks ago. "I see now that it needed more than one."

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WEST VIRGINIA President Frank Butler Trotter banned a peace lecture by Kirby Page, which had been arranged by the student Y. W. C. A. The R. O. T. C., the American Legion, and the D. A. R. had protested; furthermore, "too much turmoil had been caused by the invitation." In the face of such circumstances what could be done by a fearless college president but obligingly to cancel the meeting? Much the same academic pusillanimity exists at the College of the City of New York where President Robinson has just suspended two students because they criticized compulsory military drill. This action, Dean Klapper explained, was to bring about "as complete a cessation of propaganda as possible by the student body." Last year a student referendum on the compulsory R. O. T. C. went against it by a vote of 2,092 to 345. To placate the students the faculty instituted the hypocritical alternative of civilian drill—but scheduled it at the most inconvenient hours and prescribed a \$7 uniform for it—military uniforms were free.

RUTH ELDER, who failed to fly across the broad Atlantic, succeeded in breaking down the taciturnity of President Coolidge. Her place was side by side with his at the recent White House luncheon for aviators. According to the press reports he "engaged in animated conversation with the woman flier." Also we are told that "his face was wreathed in smiles." But New England character is staunch and not every Vermont trait fell before the young lady of the Loew circuit. The headline of the little story, President Gives a Token, suggested a departure from the program of national economy which has so distinguished the present Administration, but the body of the news was reassuring: "When the guests were preparing to leave, the President reached over by his plate and picked up his place card which he offered to his companion. That is the favor she is treasuring." Mr. Ibsen's spendthrift in "The Wild Duck" gave away the menu. Still there is just the possibility that on the back of his place card Mr. Coolidge may have written his telephone number.

THOSE WHO ADMIRE MUSSOLINI have said that he has brought about a restoration of the glory that once was Italy. And yet it is not fantastic to assume that a recent comment of the Premier may well have caused Raphael to revolve rapidly within his grave. Howard Chandler Christy who does covers, painted Mussolini after three brief sittings. "Many artists have placed my face on canvas," remarked the Duce, "but you are the first to have placed me there." Later he told the wife of the American illustrator: "It is a better portrait than was ever painted of me." Somewhat irrelevantly the Associated Press correspondent who described the meeting of the creator of the Christy girl and the founder of the new Italy added that Mussolini had brought his country "from the confusion of five years ago to its present position." Accordingly, if digressions are to be permitted, one may be allowed to recall a poem by another American, Franklin P. Adams, during a Christmas era in which it was announced that Mr. Christy would illustrate the poems of Walter Scott:

The stag at eve had drunk his fill.
"I fear," he said, "I shall be ill-
Ustrated"—here his eyes grew misty—
"By artist Howard Chandler Christy."

The Tariff, Agriculture, and the President

While the President has not thoroughly studied the Nagel report he came out firmly today against its salient provision, which hits at the fundamental Republican tariff policy he and his party propose to maintain.

THUS a Washington dispatch appearing two days after the publication of the report of the Business Men's Commission on Agriculture, headed by Charles Nagel, the former Secretary of Commerce. We venture to say that Mr. Coolidge had not studied the report at all when he gave out that statement to the press, but it would have made no difference if he had. He and the crowd that control the Republican Party have closed minds on this question of the tariff, even when the demand for a change comes from one as high in the councils of the Republican Party as Charles Nagel, and from so representative a group of American business interests. To the President the tariff will remain a sacred fetish until he is convinced that more votes are to be had by recommending a reduction. To date the only objects upon which tariff duties have been reduced under that famous flexible-tariff provision which gave the President the power to raise and lower duties, are live bob-white quail, millfeed, cresylic acid, and paint-brush handles! How the American producers of quail and paint-brush handles allowed this to happen we cannot understand. They must have been asleep on their jobs, for during the same period the President has increased the rates of duty upon fourteen articles, of which one of the most important is pig iron.

Undaunted by this record the Business Men's Commission on Agriculture was appointed jointly by the National Industrial Conference Board and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Besides Mr. Nagel, the Commission had such distinguished members as E. N. Brown, chairman of the board of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway Company; Alfred Swayne, vice-president of the General Motors Corporation; and Paul M. Warburg, whose reputation as an international banker and student of finance is known of all men. The Commission was, of course, not authorized to commit its parent bodies by its findings, but it has gone on record as saying that "efforts should be made more nearly to equalize, as between agriculture and manufacturing industry, such benefits as the existing protective-tariff system can afford to both." While opposing any legislative measures of the type of the McNary-Haugen bill, the Commission believes that there should be "intelligent and discriminating effort to diminish gradually those trade restrictions and tariffs on manufactured articles which tend to reduce the foreign market for our agricultural products." So far as this goes it is sound advice; practically, it is not worth the paper it is written on, since after five years of the Fordney-McCumber tariff the President has been interested only in reducing the tariff on quail, millfeed, paint-brush handles, and cresylic acid.

Much more hopeful is the Commission's recommendation of a federal farm board to be appointed by the President, to advise the agricultural world as to planning of production and marketing of crops, and to cooperate with farm organizations and private companies in creating and financing corporations to buy and sell farm products in order to stabilize prices. In other words, it wishes a fed-

eral board to do indirectly what the farm representatives in Congress have wished the government itself to do. For the rest, the Commission urges cooperation and the usual remedies for our agricultural distress, such as better education of the farmer, better live stock, the utilization of machinery, calamity insurance, and standardizing farm products. In addition, the Commission is afraid of co-operative-marketing organization on a large scale, but urges a carefully planned policy of land utilization under what might be called a National Agriculture Foundation, which should also be charged with eliminating misfit farmers and with controlling the movement of population from the farms to the cities and vice versa. In view of Mr. Warburg's presence on the Commission its recommendation for extending farm banking and serving agricultural credit needs by fewer and stronger banks is of great importance. It realizes that the farmer has a just grievance in the credit situation, and to remedy this it also urges the establishment of agricultural credit corporations and farmers' mutual associations under government control. Finally, it recommends a reduction of freight rates.

Most of these recommendations are sound and useful. They ought to help the leading farm organizations, who have as yet been unable to agree upon farm legislation, to come to a joint understanding so that they may concentrate upon a relief program. But if they should agree in demanding a reduction in the tariff on the articles that the farmer must use, it is obvious that the President would give them no aid or comfort. Yet the knowledge that the tariff is a fundamental stumbling-block to our obtaining those additional foreign markets, which the farmers must have for their surplus products, whether the government markets their crop or private organizations do so, is gradually permeating wider and wider circles. Thus, speaking on November 18, before the Academy of Political Science in New York, Norman H. Davis, one of the delegates to the World Economic Conference, pointed out that the mere fact that we have changed from a debtor to a creditor nation in itself calls for a reconsideration of the effect of the tariff upon our economic life and that of other nations. He correctly declared that "the real test of our tariff policy will come from the need of additional markets and the necessity to safeguard and recover our foreign loans and investments."

That Europe cannot recover unless our and other tariff barriers are reduced has been certified not only by the leading bankers of the world in their memorandum of last year, but by the World Economic Conference and every gathering at which the matter comes up for discussion. But the interests of America and of the world are invariably side-tracked by the men in Washington who control the Congress and insist upon giving relief to a struggling Europe only in the categories of quail, paint-brush handles, millfeed, and cresylic acid. This list is an exact measure of the strangle-hold which the manufacturers have upon the country and the pettiness of the minds charged with formulating the national and international policies of the United States in these difficult economic times. American agriculture is being depressed to the danger-point, and Europe invited to organize against us.

Curzon Weeps

SO persistently has T. E. Lawrence, "uncrowned King of Arabia," kept in the public eye that some have found his professed desire for obscurity suspiciously paradoxical. It is, they say, only by design that so clever a man as he could fail so signally in an effort to avoid publicity, and they have accused him of knowing only too well both how reluctance adds value to revelation and how mysterious shadows make high romantic lights stand out in bold relief. But, however that may be, he has real stories to tell, and even if there be a touch of the unconsciously histrionic in his genius he has played a great role well. Just about the time that the famous limited edition of his memoirs was published he was discovered serving under the name of Private T. E. Shaw in the Royal Air Force. Now, while he is still regularly performing the duties of that humble office, Robert Graves, the poet, comes forward with an authorized book in which is told how Lawrence, dressed in Arabian costume, came to Buckingham Palace, refused the decorations which King George was offering him, and in plain terms upbraid his sovereign for having broken faith.

It seems that in 1918 Lawrence, whose genius had played a large part in uniting the Arabian tribes in behalf of the Allies, discovered that the British Foreign Office had made him the unconscious instrument of a betrayal. It had promised independence to Arabia but at the same time it had repudiated this promise in a secret treaty with the other Allies in which a division of the country as part of the spoils of war was agreed upon. When Lawrence discovered that he would be unable to fulfil the promise with which he had won the confidence of the people he was leading "a longing for death to end his shame" came upon him, and though he survived the war he refused the thanks of the Government he had served because he did not care to receive honors for having succeeded in a fraud. Shortly before he had protested to the Peace Conference he had, at a meeting of the Cabinet, made even the implacable, imperturbable Curzon weep—a phenomenon (says Graves) "horribly like a medieval miracle, the weeping of a church image"—but it was all in vain. King George, having heard Lawrence say that he might soon be fighting with the Arabs against England, could only express an unwillingness to believe that his ministers had broken their word and permit him to refuse the proffered decorations.

Lord Stamfordham, private secretary to the King, has issued a statement in the course of which it is said that "the King has no recollection of Lawrence's saying that the part he had played in the Arab revolt was dishonorable to himself and to his country and government," but the statement acknowledges the chief features of the interview as reported by Graves and it throws little additional light upon the incident. There is, however, one other detail highly characteristic of Lawrence and highly significant as a revelation of his character. He had come to the palace in the company of Prince Feisal and he was clad in the white robes of an Arabian chieftain. "Is it right, Colonel Lawrence," demanded one of the officials of the court, "that a subject of the crown and an officer should appear here clothed in a foreign uniform?" "When a man serves two masters," Lawrence replied, "and has to offend one of these, it is better for him to offend the more powerful."

There is something in the gnomic form of this retort

and something also in the proud, impolitic Quixoticism of its content which suggest the East. Lawrence's memoirs may be, as Bernard Shaw has called them, "the greatest story of heroism by a hero since Caesar's 'Commentaries'" and he himself is certainly a typical example of those racial sports which seem so "un-English" in spite of the fact that England has probably produced more of them than has any other country, yet everything about him suggests that he not only came to understand very thoroughly the peoples whom he led but that there was something in his temperament which predestined him to a sympathy with them and their ways. A certain sort of dignity is characteristically Arabian and it is so, perhaps, because circumstance has denied to the Arab every other sort of greatness. His pride must be Quixotic because he has no power, and, since he has neither wealth nor possession, the magnificent gesture is the only kind of magnificence he can afford. "When a man serves two masters and has to offend one of these, it is better for him to offend the more powerful"—that aphorism sounds as though it had been uttered before the door of a tent by a man who had nothing but honor to lose. Such sentiments cannot be afforded by anyone who owns very much or who happens to be serving an empire. When Lawrence talked Curzon wept and whether his were crocodile tears or not it is perfectly certain that he could never have understood Lawrence one-half so well as could those tribes whom the latter had led and unconsciously betrayed.

The Glozel War

IN that high, calm realm where the scientists pursue eternal truth, war has broken out; and it is a Stone Age war. The scientists of France are fighting bitterly, and, as with all French wars, the area is spreading to include all Europe. The Serajevo of this world war is Glozel.

Glozel is a hamlet in the clay hills of Auvergne, not far from Vichy. Three years ago the peasant Fradin, plowing his fields, came upon what appeared to be the remains of a low brick wall. The local doctor became interested and dug further; soon he produced a variety of small unglazed tablets, variously scratched, and he announced that the scratches were a Neolithic alphabet—antedating, though related to, that Phoenician alphabet from which our Western writing is derived.

If Dr. Morlet was right Stone Age men, long before the invention of bronze, made the supreme human discovery of a permanent method of written communication. The horizon of history was pushed back, perhaps, a dozen millenniums. M. Salomon Reinach, president of the Academy of Inscriptions, visited Glozel, watched the excavation of more tablets, and pronounced the Glozel collections genuine.

Other scientists had their doubts. Some thought it curious that the Glozel letters corresponded to a late form of Phoenician, whereas if they were the ancestors of Phoenician script they would be expected to be more like the earliest known Phoenician characters. Dr. Morlet continued his digging, and shortly produced new tablets, bearing more characters, this time resembling the early Phoenician. More marvels followed. Dr. Morlet unearthed an engraving of a reindeer, indicating unsuspected relationships between the Neolithic art of the period to which Reinach had assigned Glozel and the art of the cave-dwellers of the Old Stone Age. Skeptics pointed out that reindeer had vanished from

France long before the Neolithic period. Then, came the reply, it is not a reindeer but some other species of deer. The question was referred to the Norwegian specialists in reindeer. Unquestionably, they replied, the animal was a reindeer. Then, M. Reinach and others asserted, a few reindeer must have persisted in France long after they had been supposed to be extinct.

M. Camille Jullian, the Gallo-Roman historian, entered the controversy with a new thesis. After an attentive examination of reproductions of the Glozel tablets he announced that the "Neolithic" letters were merely a degenerate form of illiterate Latin, and insisted that he could translate some of the inscriptions himself. The Glozelians called up new forces. A dozen professors visited the scene and attested the impeccable Neolithic character of the inscriptions. But some of the greatest French scholars held aloof. The Abbé Breuil, France's greatest Paleolithicist, after some hesitation, announced that he did not like the unhealthy propagandist climate of Glozel and that he would retire to the pleasanter atmosphere of his Paleolithic caves. René Dussaud, of the Louvre Museum, a member of the Institute of France, published a brochure attacking Glozel as pure fake. The "Neolithic" tablets were impudent forgeries—"Neo-modern," he called them. He said that the most interesting were found by the peasant Fradin and Dr. Morlet when no one else was present, called one of the supposed "tombs" a medieval blast furnace, and pointed out that it was remarkable that such soft tablets should have been preserved unbroken, fairly close to the surface of the ground, in fields which cattle had trod in dry weather and wet for centuries. Dr. Morlet replied, accusing some of the leading anti-Glozelians of mere personal spite. They had shown, he said, a willingness to declare the relics genuine if they could announce them to the world and win the glory. A few neutral scientists impartially decided that some of the tablets were genuine and others false.

The Government took a hand. The Minister of Public Instruction decided to send an official commission to excavate on the spot and determine the authenticity of Glozel. Dr. Morlet replied agreeing, but insisted upon exercising a veto against the membership in the commission of certain savants whom he distrusted. The Ministry declared that it must choose its own scholars, and Dr. Morlet then refused to admit the Government's commission. Thereupon the Government took steps to declare the field a "national monument," which would give the Government control; and finally the International Institute of Anthropology, meeting in Amsterdam, took up the war. A Portuguese partisan of Glozel and one of its French antagonists nearly came to blows, and an armistice was declared only after the appointment of a neutral commission, consisting of one Belgian, one Swiss, one Spaniard, one Czech, an Englishwoman, an Alsatian, and two Frenchmen.

At last accounts the international commission was camped at Glozel, personally excavating with its own international trowels. Every night its members cover their pits with plaster of Paris, so that no midnight prowler can insert false tablets into the guaranteed authentic international trenches. So far as one can judge from the dispatches, the result is likely to be two contradictory reports. The New World may yet be called upon to enter the war. But whatever may be established as to the origin of Glozel's "Neolithic" alphabet, the world should at least have learned from the war something about the infallibility of science—and of scientists.

Justice or Dignity

FOR "improper guardianship" children may be removed from the custody of their parents; and "improper guardianship" conjures up pictures of cold and hungry children, of children bruised and beaten, or foolishly pampered. But when ten-year-old Russell Tremaine was taken from his parents in the State of Washington and put in a detention home, and when later he was given to a private family for a six months' "trial" to be followed by adoption if he should "suit," there was no question of beatings or foolish pamperings or lack of nourishment. The Tremaines are decent, law-abiding citizens of the State; they belong to a non-resistant religious sect, the Elijah Voice Society; they are absolute pacifists and as such they were opposed to having Russell take part in the flag salute at school—and they "refused to acknowledge that the State had a right to compel school-children to be indoctrinated with the principles of nationalistic patriotism and flag worship." They kept Russell at home and proceeded to educate him according to their own beliefs. And the sovereign State of Washington, in return, put Russell's father in jail and carried Russell himself off to a detention home.

This incredible proceeding took place two years ago. The Tremaine parents have tried to visit their son and are not permitted to see him—or, now, even to know where he is being boarded out. His father wrote of him:

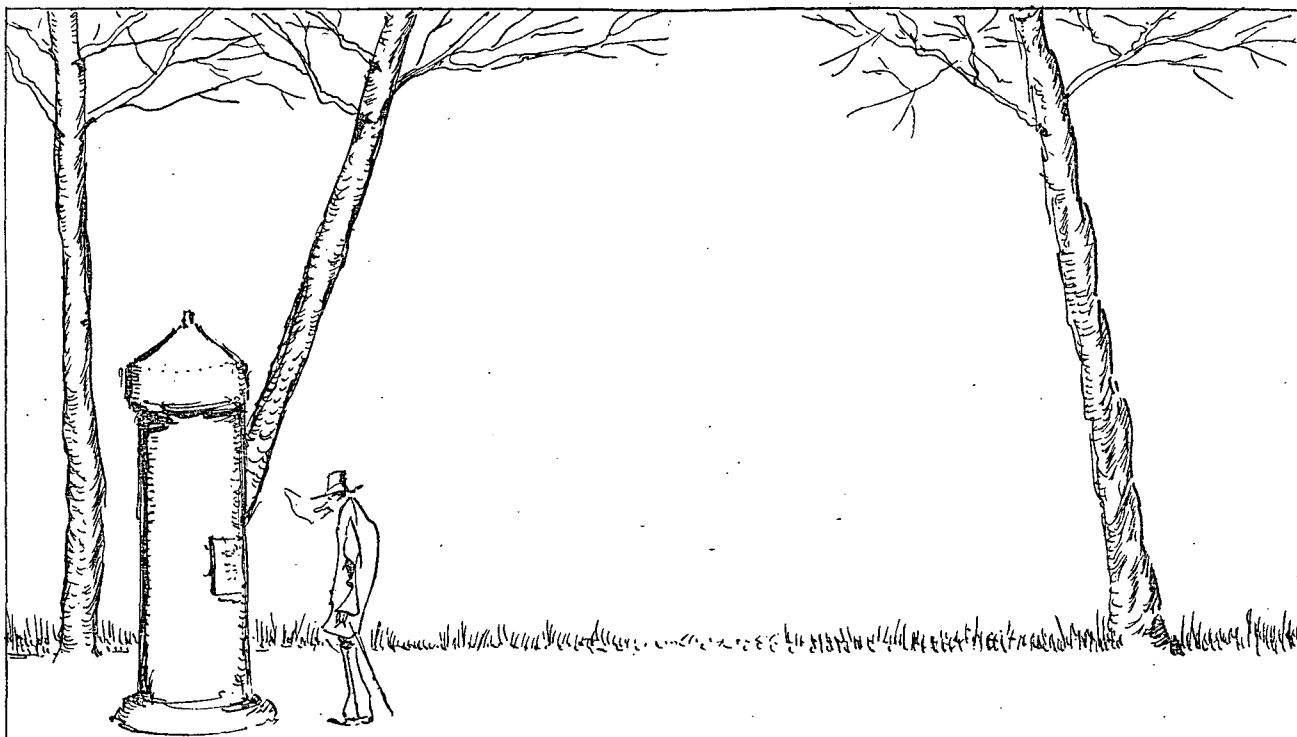
The supervisor of child-placing . . . said little Russell was hungering for someone to love him. That at the "home" for some time he would eat little and lay awake nights and sob and was developing a nervous twitching of the face and they were afraid he might lose his mind. This of course was intense agony for me to listen to.

The sovereign State of Washington, in the dim way peculiar to governments, seemed to have an inkling that torture was being unnecessarily inflicted on certain of its citizens. Judge Hardin of the Juvenile Court wrote to Mr. Tremaine that if he would promise to send Russell to a private school or to public school at least for the first eight grades, the boy would be returned to his parents. But the Tremaines were consistent in their faith. They wished, they declared, to send Russell to school; they preferred public schools to private; but they asked to be assured that he would not be forced to take part against his will in a ceremony that was contrary to his own faith and that of his parents; and finally they could not recognize the authority of the judge or the courts that would urge such a course.

And here, for the moment, the matter rests. Russell is completing his six months' trial. He is liable for adoption at the end of this period. Judge Hardin, representing the sovereign State of Washington, is evidently a little at a loss. And the Tremaines are still deprived of their son. Government, not for the first time, finds itself in the unpleasant dilemma of having to be cruel in order not to admit of making a mistake, or sensible and merciful and at the same time frank to admit error.

The State of Washington seems to fear for its dignity. But dignity suffers only through blindness or ignorance or wilful injustice. And dignity is nothing against the spectacle of a boy deprived of his parents, of parents deprived of their child, when they are willing and eager and capable of bringing him up as a useful, intelligent citizen and an honest man.

What the European Public Wants



Scene in any European town when a news bulletin provides the eager populace with the latest news of a disarmament conference.



The same scene the next day when new rumors about the new Ford car are announced.

It Seems To Howard Brown

THE trouble with college football is the amateur spirit. I am starting off with the assumption that present conditions in the game are less than ideal and undoubtedly a majority will agree that the barring of Bruce Caldwell from the Yale team was an unfortunate and silly performance. His offense against established standards was technical. Both Harvard and Princeton invited Yale to waive the rule under which he was dropped from the squad. He had, as you remember, played a few minutes of freshman football at Brown and therefore could not represent the Blue in either of its final contests. The athletic authorities at New Haven chose to adopt a legalistic attitude in the face of the situation.

"Rules are rules and must be enforced," said the members of the governing committee. Whether the first stone was thrown by a man with a flask or without one the newspaper reports failed to mention. The philosophy that rules must be enforced simply because they happen to be set down upon some parchment is always unfortunate. The world will not profit if men come out of Yale and apply this principle to the multitudinous facts of national life. It is my experience that the introductory remark, "This is a government of laws not men," nearly always precedes some iniquitous proposal.

But any attempt to follow out this particular point would necessitate a file of dissenting decisions by liberal justices. Let us merely confine ourselves to the more simple proposition that amateur sport practically always entails the creation of codes of practice. There is always the elaborate set of specifications defining just what constitutes an amateur, and regulations invariably breed like rabbits. Back in the bad old days the colleges were only slightly concerned with the antecedents of any talented player. If he could kick or plunge or skirt an end nobody cared to question by just what process he had arrived at that particular institution of learning. There are still freebooting colleges which expect a coach to arrive each autumn bringing behind him the nucleus of a successful eleven, but it was many years ago that the mentor of a well-known team made the famous remark, "In the second half we had to use two students."

Even in our own day Gil Dobie has been quoted as attributing the falling football genius of Cornell to the growing enthusiasm for Phi Beta Kappa. I believe that college football was a far less menacing factor in educational life when professionalism was regarded lightly. This may need a bit of developing. My theory is that football is an excellent pastime for those who watch and a dreary, bruising bore for all the players. In many conversations with a large number of former varsity athletes I have found not more than two or three who enjoyed their days spent on the eleven. To be sure, a few spoke gratefully of the manner in which the game had helped them in the bond business and a number felt that the sport served to build character. However, I am speaking of enjoyment, and I have a suspicion that any person who has been mauled by

some experience must almost inevitably try to ease the sting of his wounds by pretending that his suffering made in some way for righteousness.

Obviously football fails as recreation for those who serve it. A candidate for an eleven spends only a small proportion of his working time at the game itself. To practice tennis it is customary to play tennis. The mechanical opponent invented by La Coste is still a rarity. Drills for basketball, hockey, and baseball consist largely of scrub encounters. This is not true of football. Stars are far too precious to risk them very much in scrimmage, and so football practice consists of many tiresome hours spent in tag drills, running through signals, tackling the dummy, and other kinds of manual labor. And after hours there are chalk talks and lectures on tactics which can hardly be much more fun than courses in anthropology or medieval history. The old game was less dependent upon tactics. Sheer power was enough, and though the boys went back to their rooms aching in joint and muscle no great tax had been put upon the mind of any player.

Today a football season is arduous enough to endanger the academic integrity of any but the most brilliant students. The men who can learn much in a little time get through their courses but naturally not unmarred. In this situation it seems to me that professorial practice represents an extraordinary and topsy-turvy attitude. The boys who fail in examinations are barred from play. It is their betters who are permitted to make the sacrifice for dear old Harvard. No one should be allowed to play college football until he has proved beyond question that his mental attainments are not significant.

Professionalism would solve this difficulty. If all the members of an eleven were students by courtesy alone, the standard of learning in the college would not suffer by their participation. When the last whistle blew these hand-picked representatives of alma mater could hibernate until the following season. Naturally there would be no three-year rule or any regulation barring transfers. Under such a system tradition would have room to flourish and it is easy to imagine the adoration with which the undergraduate would point to Biff or Slogger who had grown gray in the service of Yale as fullback. Even today it seems a pity when the ban comes down upon some brilliant star who has no talent except to squirm and keep on going in a broken field. Since there is distinctly an aesthetic value in the spectacle it seems a shame that brilliant practitioners should be compelled to return once more to the ranks of the humdrum.

Football is maintained chiefly to please and excite the alumni, and a number of excellent college presidents have been broken because they failed to supply the graduates with a winner. But surely it is the duty of an educator to educate and not to keep an eye peeled for a good roving center. Give the game bodily over to the alumni and let them club together and provide a football team. If it fails they will have no one but themselves to blame, and there

will be no more talk of dwindling endowments because the president has failed to attract material for a successful eleven. If Princeton paid a living wage there could be no possible objection to having the Tigers tour the country as widely as they pleased to spread the culture of that institution. Many a big Eastern university is well aware of the advertising value of victories upon far-distant gridirons. However, you will find few in authority willing to be frank in admitting as much.

With teams composed of mature men drawing adequate compensation there would be an end of all silly bickering about unnecessary roughness. A man on salary respects the dignity of his own health and that of his opponents and will make no useless tackles beyond the sidelines or heave himself upon some foeman who is already downed. Clean, hard, and skilful football might be expected from men allowed to develop team-work over a span of ten or twelve seasons. Furthermore, the game would be enlivened by the chance of promotion. No good running back would need spend all his athletic years in the obscurity of Geneva or Grove City.

It does not seem to me that undergraduate or even graduate enthusiasm would be dimmed too much by the fact that mercenaries occupied the pivotal positions. As far as football goes a red shirt should be ample to make any player a Harvard man. In one respect I will admit there might be a slackening in emphasis. No harm is done by having the sixty or seventy thousand spectators grow delirious during the entire duration of four periods, but reasonable objection can be made to the fact that college frenzy begins long before the big game and lasts well beyond its finish. Professionalism should tend to restore proper perspective. Under such circumstances excitement ought to diminish very rapidly after the spell of the actual spectacle was ended.

In this Utopia I picture rival undergraduates meeting without recrimination or souvenirs from goal posts.

"You beat us fair and square," says Harvard '49 to Tiger '50. "That left halfback is the fastest man I ever saw to start and harder still to stop."

"Well," says Tiger '50 with cheerful pride unscarred by swank, "he ought to be good—he cost us \$15,000."

Presidential Possibilities

II

Alfred E. Smith

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"**W**OULD you vote for a Tammany Hall roughneck like 'Al' Smith? Would you have 'Al' spitting tobacco juice

about the White House as he does in the Governor's room at Albany? Do you believe in electing to the Presidency a man who drinks too much for his own good, and is politically a rampant Wet? Would you vote for a Catholic in the White House? Do you believe in having as President a man who boasts that he has never read a book? Would you place in his hands the critical foreign affairs of this country when he does not know the difference between Albania and Abyssinia, or Angora and Anatolia? Can't we find a single gentleman in all America to grace the White House?"

These are the questions one hears whenever Alfred Smith's candidacy for the Presidency is discussed among the privileged and the prosperous. You cannot listen to them without becoming convinced that Governor Smith, if nominated by the Democrats next June, will become the acid test of our democracy. To millions his religion will be a fatal bar; to millions more his opposition to prohibition will be unforgivable. To multitudes of others "Al" Smith is still a Tammany heeler wearing a brown derby on one ear with a cigar in one corner of his mouth, who by dint of the aid of Tammany Hall has succeeded in having himself elected Governor of New York no less than four times; reluctantly only do they concede his ability, his industry, his extraordinary talent for administration. They are unmoved by the fact that "Al" Smith's appeal is to the common people of Abraham Lincoln; they want in the White House what is known as a gentleman, a Wilson, a Taft, a Roosevelt. They are not willing to grant

The second in a series of studies of the candidates

that Alfred Smith is by every precedent and tradition as much entitled to the highest office in the land as was Andrew Jack-

son, the frontier bully, cock-fighter, and duelist; or Andrew Johnson, the trader who never learned to read or write until he was married; or James A. Garfield, who drove a mule-team and steered a canal boat on an Ohio canal. For generations we have boasted that any child born under the American flag could rise to the Presidency if he merited it. The equality of opportunity in America, the ability of the lowliest born to achieve fame and fortune have been our stock in trade; they are our most-often cited arguments against any change in the society or government which we have.

How many of us are ready for an unread and uncultured man in the White House? Well, let us not spend much time on the fact that he has come up from the sidewalks of New York. That story is, as I have said before, worn threadbare; "Al" Smith himself has doubtless had enough of it. The man himself is simple, boyish, straightforward, and fascinating. He has a keen mind and he has wit and humor; he often sparkles—when not speaking as an official. He has Lincoln's understanding of the plain people they both sprang from, and he, too, frequently makes a point by a story which brings a laugh and goes home. He can sing a popular song and dance a few steps with all the zest of life that marked him when he was still on the sidewalks and a "parlor entertainer." He has a rare genius for friendship. More than that, he has a native common sense to guide him where the sophisticated so often fail—it has not been educated out of him—and he has a heart besides. Why was it that a murderer condemned to death

had his sentence commuted although not a soul appeared before the Governor to ask for his life? Because to the Governor that fact made it seem his especial duty to inquire into the case. If the man had no friends then the Governor must be his public defender, must be doubly certain that no error of justice could come to pass. So personally he inquired into the facts and personally he decided that the man should not die.

It is not difficult to appeal to his sympathies, and yet the man who sits behind the Governor's desk at Albany is no soft and malleable person. Like many another man in public life he has grown harder with each year, and is often irritable. He is developing the impatience of the man who is master of his job and finds it harder and harder to put up with the ineptitudes, the fumbling, and the dulness or selfishness of the stream of persons who come to him for every conceivable purpose. He can do and still often does an extremely kindly act—even for a man he dislikes. But his glance is more steely, his determination more fixed. He can still tell a funny story, but when he ends it and becomes the Governor again he is the hard-bitten public official, with deep lines in his face and all the dignity and self-possession and self-confidence that anybody need have either in or out of the White House. He has his play hours, he can unbend, but the years of office-holding and of exercising great authority are leaving their marks. When he hits out now he hits straighter and harder than ever, as his political adversaries know well.

Never before has the business of the State marched along as under Governor Smith. He has worn himself out on it; it is the breath of his body; the life of his soul. It fascinates him beyond anything else. A public document is his novel; a complicated set of figures entertains him more than a theater. An extraordinarily retentive memory makes it possible for him to get up on his feet and be cross-examined as to the business of the State for hours on end without ever making a slip or hesitating for a figure. He works early and he works late; he knows where to get his material and he knows just whom to turn to in order to have that material put into the best shape for his use. He knows how to listen, and he will adopt without hesitation, in their entirety, suggestions that come to him from men and women whom he completely trusts. Public life has been his high school, his college, his post-graduate course, and when a supreme test came to him in the Constitutional Convention in New York in 1915 he proved how well he had learned. There were great public men, distinguished lawyers, and scholars in that convention, but "Al" Smith, the product of Tammany Hall, outshone them all. More than that, he has graduated from the sophistries and the bunk of the ordinary politician. He spoke with amazing frankness in that Constitutional Convention. He often deliberately pokes fun at men in public life, exposes their absurdities and hypocrisies with all that flair for acting which has been his since the days of early youth. His devotion to his task is beyond all question. He has been for years planning for the Presidency, but he has been shrewd enough to see that the best way to move in that direction was to be the best possible Governor of New York, and he has publicly scorned those of his predecessors who tried to be Governors of New York when they had their eyes riveted upon the White House. This is the man who has such a hold upon the voters of the State of New York that he has only to express his opposition to a constitutional

amendment to have it snowed under by more than a half million votes, who can be Governor of New York as long as he wishes to. He has won the confidence of the great mass of Republicans and Democrats, and he has merited it. He has been the best Governor, all in all, that New York has ever had.

Let us go back to our questions. Does "Al" drink and does he drink too much? Well, I am reliably informed that he drinks every day, and the number of his cocktails and highballs is variously estimated at from four to eight. It is positively denied that he is ever intoxicated, much gossip to the contrary notwithstanding. He is a Wet, and he lives up to it, and for that consistency he is to be praised. Every journalist knows dozens of nauseating political hypocrites who will go before any W. C. T. U. meeting, eulogize the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, and then go and get drunk a few doors away; every journalist knows Senators and Congressmen who "vote Dry and drink Wet" wherever they happen to be; who, like the eminent Warren G. Harding, will uphold the cause of temperance and indulge in hard liquor to the wee sma' hours. One may differ with "Al" Smith on his attitude toward prohibition, but no one can call him a hypocrite. One may regret with all one's heart, as does the writer of the lines, that, being in an exalted position, he cannot set an example of abstinence to the millions whose State he governs, but at least one knows where he stands. If there be any Progressive who puts the prohibition issue above all others he will, of course, vote against "Al" Smith, and by the same test he ought to vote against a large majority of our politicians—"Wet" and "Dry."

Could I vote for a Catholic for the Presidency? I certainly could and I certainly have voted for Catholics for lesser offices, and to the best of my ability I propose to repel, wherever I can, as utterly unworthy of America, the suggestion that a man's religion has anything whatsoever to do with his fitness for the Presidency or for any other office. If there are persons so small as to believe that a vote for Smith is a vote for the Pope when Smith's cabinet at Albany at this moment contains only one Catholic to thirteen Protestants and one Jew, they belong in the class with those who still believe that women are nationalized in Russia, and that the Jews are organized in a gigantic conspiracy to control the world and to commit ritual murders on the sly. One may search "Al" Smith's record at Albany from end to end only to find that if anything he has leaned backward so far as his co-religionists are concerned. The Republicans, having tried their utmost for years to find something damaging to Alfred Smith, have never yet dared to insinuate that in choosing men and women for office he has been influenced by the religion they profess.

The Catholic church blunders almost as badly in our politics as does the more powerful Methodist church. It has cardinals and archbishops who are stupid enough to dabble in politics and so afford ammunition to those who are determined that no Catholic shall ever enter the White House. But the average plain American, if he believes in fair play and a square deal, will never be kept from voting for "Al" Smith because he grew up in the Catholic church. The final proof of this is that in a Presidential year, 1920, he won a million more votes in New York State than did the Protestant Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

Well, what are the policies for which Governor Smith has stood at Albany? They are unquestionably progressive

ones. One often doubts when one reads his solemn, conventional strictures upon bolshevism and socialism, notably that at Cornell in 1919, whether he really knows how far-reaching some of his own recommendations are, whether he has the faintest idea as to what socialism really is. I have frequently quoted from his annual message to the Legislature in January, 1920, the following nine recommendations:

1. A minimum wage.
2. The eight-hour day for all women workers.
3. Maternity insurance for expectant mothers.
4. The extension of workmen's compensation to cover occupational illnesses and accidents.
5. The appointment of State physicians and nurses in rural communities now destitute of medical aid, in cooperation with those communities.
6. The ownership, development, and operation of all water-powers in the State.
7. State-owned and operated grain elevators in three cities, after the manner of the Nonpartisan League experiments in North Dakota.
8. Control and supervision of the entire milk supply of the City of New York on the theory that every child is as much entitled to pure milk as to pure air and pure water.
9. The municipal operation of public utilities.

This from a man who declares: "I am unalterably opposed to the fundamental principles of the Socialist Party!" Of these nine proposals, four have actually been accepted by the State.

Some of these recommendations go further than those of any socialistic platform I can remember, especially his insistence that the State guarantee to the child as pure milk as he is now—supposedly—guaranteed pure water and fresh air. It is perfectly obvious that if a Eugene Debs or a Victor Berger had offered a platform like this, the great New York dailies would have rent him limb from limb for his dangerous radicalism. Think of that suggestion of "Al's" that the State begin the socialization of the medical and nursing professions by taking over the doctors and nurses to supply the communities that are without them! Isn't that dangerously socialistic? As for his recommendation of State grain elevators, that came first when the *New York Times* and our other great journalistic saviors of society were denouncing the North Dakota Nonpartisan League for building warehouses and grain elevators and otherwise putting the government into private business; yet no one denounced Smith. Viewed from the standpoint of the days of Grover Cleveland, Alfred E. Smith is a dangerous radical.

Adequately to set forth the progressive measures he has sponsored in addition to those mentioned above, would take almost an entire issue of *The Nation*. He has from the beginning fought for better working conditions for men, women, and children. His greatest opportunity to improve working conditions came in consequence of the Triangle factory fire with its terrible sacrifice of 145 girls' lives. The Legislature constituted an investigating commission of which the present Senator Wagner and "Al" Smith were the chief and the most useful political members. In consequence the session of 1913 was marked by the passage of an unprecedented number of labor bills, epoch-making in their improvement of labor conditions in the Empire State. Smith not only sponsored these bills but fought them through the Legislature. As a result the

State Federation of Labor declared: "We doubt if any State in the Union can now compare with our Empire State in its present code of labor laws." Read any one of his annual messages and it is amazing how many subjects he touches upon that relate to the social progress of the people of his State. Take that of January 6, 1926, for example. It records the fact that New York leads the country in human-welfare activities. It deals with education, public health, institutional care, conditions of employment, housing, recreation, child welfare, and the rehabilitation of the unfortunate. Through "Al" Smith's activities a hundred million will have been spent upon the institutions of the State which had been gradually falling behind the needs of the people during the administrations of his predecessors. He has consistently built for the future, especially for the ever-growing army of insane, thanks in large part to the fifty-million bond issue which he obtained from the State. It is largely because he has had to build for the past and the future that he has had so heavily to increase the expenditures of the State and has been attacked by the Republicans for his extravagance. Apropos of his financial policies the Governor annually issues a financial statement of the State's situation which is a model of clearness and compactness—comparable only to the best bank statements.

In the message of January, 1926, also he asked that the Legislature declare that labor is not a commodity and demanded a revision of the use of the injunction in labor disputes. He appealed once more for the forty-eight hour week for women and minors, and for a minimum-wage board. He asked for an extension of the emergency rent laws and set forth a plan for the solution of the tenement problem in New York City which was in large part adopted by the Legislature, with the exception of his plan for the creation of a State Housing Bank similar to the Federal Land Bank, which proved too socialistic for the Republican leaders. (But the Governor still thinks that they will have to come to it if the bad tenement is to be eradicated.) To the question of the parks he has given unending attention, and nothing is more to his credit than his refusal to allow rich property owners of tremendous political and social influence to divert him from his plan to establish State parks on Long Island—the owners of large estates did not want the "masses from New York" pouring out in their direction. He has been a genuine social crusader, and there is no doubt that this is largely due to his admirable group of advisers. It must be admitted, however, that they could have done nothing for him had he not had an open mind and a remarkably sympathetic understanding and appreciation of the needs of the people of his State. You can talk social reform to a hundred men; only those will react whose hearts and minds are attuned to the gospel preached.

Even more to Governor Smith's credit is his keeping his head during and immediately after the war. He talked of course the usual lies about the war and its aims during that struggle, but with much less hate and bitterness than did most others, and he refused to see red when the war was over. He pardoned the Communist James Larkin and other political prisoners. He opposed the stupid and un-American ousting of the Socialists from the Assembly in 1920, promptly invited them to his home and called a special election at which all of the five Socialists were re-elected. He vetoed the bill permitting teachers to be ques-

tioned regarding their loyalty and political views, with a penalty of dismissal if their views were not entirely satisfactory to their examiners, and he also vetoed a bill requiring private schools to submit their courses of study to the State for approval. He vetoed a third bill under which the Attorney General could institute proceedings before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court against any candidate whose views he considered radical. His are admirable veto messages; there is dispute as to who wrote them, but there can be none as to the name signed to them and as to Governor Smith's entire belief in them. As Mr. Henry F. Pringle has said of them, they are statesmanlike papers and they throw much light on a side of the Governor's character which has not been sufficiently emphasized. They prove, like his opposition to a censorship—though he did sign one bill to padlock theaters producing improper plays—that he is opposed to abridgment of freedom of thought and utterance, and that he has sympathy and tolerance for views other than his own.

Finally, I must also mention his admirable water-power policy upon which he has fought all the great power combinations within the State, to prevent the exploitation by private capitalistic interests of what is the heritage of all the people. Again, he has done everything possible to develop the State Barge Canal, except to furnish the traffic that it so sorely needs to justify itself, and he has advocated whole-heartedly its use by the federal government as a part of the proposed ship canal from the Great Lakes to the sea. In all of these matters his course has been truly progressive and beyond criticism.

In conclusion, I do not urge all Progressives to support Smith. By no means. He has still much to do and much to say before Progressives can give him their complete confidence. He is still a Tammany man; against its excesses and wrongdoing in New York he never protests publicly, although he has at times used his influence to procure better nominations or to compel the Hall to indorse a bi-partisan judiciary candidate. But about the corruption of the courts and the police and the elections he has nothing to say—Tammany still steals elections with utmost brazenness. It remains an organization for public plunder. It is outwardly whiter; it has better figureheads and has drawn some fine young men into its ranks who hold the futile old idea that an organization like this may be reformed from within. It no longer waxes rich out of petty pilfering from prostitutes and gamblers and saloon-keepers and the criminals it licenses to prey upon the community; it makes its money much more easily, but on a much larger scale.

As for the prohibition issue, Governor Smith must tell the public exactly where he will stand if elected, whether he will continue to have his drinks in the White House or not, and whether he will determinedly uphold the Eighteenth Amendment. In foreign affairs he remains an unknown quantity. It is true that in 1926 he personally insisted that the Democratic State platform contain an indorsement of the World Court, and that in 1920 he made many speeches favoring Article X of the Covenant of the League of Nations and defending every part of the Wilson program, probably without much real understanding of what it was all about. But the public has a right to ask how he stands today. Will he again seek to put this country into the League? And how does he stand as to the Caribbean? Does he believe that the flag follows every

American dollar across the seas and the Rio Grande? It is much to his credit that he has said apropos of Mexico: "My personal attitude is that . . . no country has the right to interfere in the internal affairs of any other country"—but that is precisely what Mr. Coolidge has said while intervening in Nicaragua and threatening to intervene in Mexico. Will Governor Smith specify his position by adding to the words quoted above "as has been done by our brutal and bloody interventions in Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua"? Will he, too, hold to the policy of a huge army and navy when the world is sick almost beyond hope of recovery from the use of force "without stint"? Does or does he not believe in tariff reform?

As an administrator Governor Smith has no equal in America, not even in Herbert Hoover. But it is honest, radical, popular leadership that the country needs infinitely more than a great administrator in Washington. Will he always be for the people, or will he stand in the last resort with those whom Woodrow Wilson called "the bosses and their masters, the great capitalists"? What guaranty is there that he whom the corporations have regarded so complacently in New York, whom Wall Street has never feared, will become the regulator of big business? He has never formulated any deep-lying political philosophy. Doubtless, he will be taught much, particularly about foreign affairs, before the convention meets, but he cannot quickly acquire the background of experience and the personal knowledge of the national and international events of his lifetime which is so necessary to an intelligent conduct of the affairs of the Republic.

Of all the candidates, Governor Smith on his record gives the fairest promise of progressive leadership along social and humanitarian lines. It is today, however, but a promise. Great masses of Americans, many of whom now never go to the polls, long for the coming of one more brave outspoken man, long again to "see one straightforward conscience put in pawn to win a world." These voters are to be had, but they must be convinced and won. From now until June is the Governor's opportunity to demonstrate that as he has been in New York so will he be in the nation. He in himself is to be the acid test of America's democracy.

Interior

BY DOROTHY PARKER

Her mind lives in a quiet room,
A narrow room, and tall,
With pretty lamps to quench the gloom
And mottoes on the wall.

There all the things are waxen neat
And set in decorous lines;
And there are posies, round and sweet,
And little, straightened vines.

Her mind lives tidily, apart
From cold and noise and pain,
And bolts the door against her heart,
Out wailing in the rain.

“Mother Metropolitan”

By G. FINDLEY WILLISON

I believe in unions and strikes. No doubt they are sometimes wrong. But it is a fact that when you are in a fight, combatants are not to be separated by saying some are sheep and some are goats.

THIS handsome statement was made some time ago by President Haley Fiske, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, but in the present efforts of the Bookkeepers, Stenographers, and Accountants Union to organize the 10,000 clerical workers in the Metropolitan's home offices in New York City President Fiske has discovered a “Bolshevist movement that is city-wide.” In this discovery he has found adequate excuse for refusing to countenance the present effort to organize his staff. If such stale nonsense is to be dignified by serious notice, the revolutionary character of the union may be judged from its A. F. of L. affiliations. Nevertheless, his excuse, however feeble, is the nearest thing to recognition the union has yet received from the junto in command of the Metropolitan Life—which, as a “mutual” company, belongs in its entirety to policyholders, including some 17,000,000 workers and members of their families.

But it is the misfortune of these policyholders, and perhaps also the misfortune of Metropolitan employees, that their control over company management cannot even be fairly described as nominal. This has been sharply pointed out by so conservative a critic as Insurance Superintendent Beha of New York who has recommended legislation to give at least the State a voice in mutual company affairs in the interests of both policyholders and the general public.

Faced with the fact that the majority of the “owners” of their company are workers, the Metropolitan managers have had good reason for not proclaiming their private opinions about union activities among their white-collar workers. Their opposition, though tacit, has been unremitting. Two years ago the Bookkeepers, Stenographers, and Accountants Union, relying upon Mr. Fiske's affirmations of the right of labor to organize and strike, sought to gain his consent for the unionization of the company's home office staff. Letter after letter from union officials went unanswered and every effort to secure a personal interview failed. Last year renewed attempts to approach Mr. Fiske met with no greater success. Last month, in a public letter to the press, the union returned again to the charge—determined to succeed at the very least in smoking out the Metropolitan and putting an end to its equivocation.

Employees have not joined the union, so Mr. Fiske declares, because of the “simple fact that they are satisfied and do not care to join.” This fact is hardly credible in the light of data collected by union investigators, supported by evidence volunteered by Metropolitan employees. Salaries for a large percentage of the girl clerks start as low as \$12 a week, ranging from that figure to \$16 a week at the end of three years. Average typists receive from \$16 to \$18 a week, while bookkeepers' salaries run from \$18 to \$25, rising to maximum of \$33 a week between their tenth and twentieth consecutive years of service.

To these salaries must be added the value of the free lunches, cheap group insurance, wholesale dentistry, and

medical care—the last also provided free of charge to employees. The company also contributes an amount approximately equal to that contributed by the employees to provide a small pension for loyal workers who survive to the age of sixty-five and maintains its own sanatorium for those who break down meantime—a sanatorium which in thirteen years has had to treat more than 4,000 employees. And in addition, of course, there is the fiction which the company tries desperately to create that “Mother Metropolitan” is interested in nothing but the welfare of her charges.

This paternalism is not pure philanthropy. As proof that they are not merely indulging their natural generosity with other people's money, the officers justify the expense to policyholders by showing in dollars and cents that the welfare and uplift work more than pays for itself in more labor obtained at less cost. As for employees, this dividend-paying charity does not give the great majority of them sufficient added value to make their real wages anything like the decent living-wage minimum.

Employees have no voice in the management of the company or of their several offices. They have no appeal from summary dismissals or from arbitrary salary cuts and deductions. Extra pay for overtime work is the exception, not the rule: “Once in a while our work requires our office staff to stay half an hour or an hour after hours, but not often. When we really (!) have a volume of extra work, our employees are paid for their overtime,” thus speaks Vice-President W. T. Dobbins, chief personnel officer. Above all, employees justly fear the consequences of any concerted action to modify working conditions or wage scales. What attitude would the company take toward those who joined the union? “Why, they'd lose their jobs, of course,” said the secretary of Vice-President J. V. Barry.

Certainly, as Fannie Hurst has written of the Metropolitan, “It is not a pretty social picture, that of an organization dealing in billions paying out its employees in low wages camouflaged by such showy paternalism as wholesale dentistry and the mid-day meal thrown in free.” And “dealing in billions” is no figure of speech. With more than \$13,500,000,000 of life insurance in force, the company has no serious rival in its own field. More, the Metropolitan probably stands today as the world's largest and richest financial institution of any kind, as has been claimed by Mr. Fiske. On December 31, 1926, according to the State Insurance Department's official report, its total admitted assets had reached the staggering sum of \$2,108,000,000—nearly equal to a tenth of the combined resources of national banks in the United States, Alaska, and Hawaii.

The company's total gross income last year exceeded half a billion—\$595,596,500. Per working day during 1926 it received gross revenues of \$2,500,000; it paid to policyholders or added to reserves \$1,405,000; it wrote \$9,940,000 of new business; it increased its assets \$835,000. On its books were 34,240,000 policies, both “ordinary” and “industrial.” In the latter class are included all policies for less than \$1,000 with premium payments arranged on a weekly or monthly basis to suit the purse and convenience of workmen. There were more than 17,200,000 such industrial

policyholders, who paid gross premiums last year of \$241,830,400. Gross premium income from all policyholders totaled \$492,270,500.

And after more than adequate reserves had been established and allowances made for any and all liabilities, as the company is legally required to do under the supervision of the State Insurance Department, the Metropolitan closed its books last year with a surplus of \$122,236,000.

In no business is a reasonable reserve more necessary than in the life insurance business—but there is no need, as a mere glance at the Gain and Loss Exhibit of the various companies over a period of years will show, for the large surplus being accumulated under one heading or another by the mutual companies today. This overgrown surplus could be used (1) to pay company employees a decent money wage and (2) to reduce the cost of insurance to policyholders.

Again, mutual companies each year pay policyholders what they call "dividends" which are nothing more than a partial return of premium overcharges. Last year the Metropolitan paid policyholders more than \$52,000,000 in such returns—the size of these returns from year to year depending upon investment income, mortality savings, and the actual cost of operating the company. Against these so-called dividends could most properly be charged any added cost of operating the company on a living-wage basis.

In contrast with its labor policy, which is "economical" with a vengeance, the Metropolitan's policy in other particulars seems somewhat extravagant, as revealed in the Insurance Department's report.

Last year, in salaries and all other compensation to officers and home office employees, the company paid out \$13,560,000. Approximately \$1,940,000 of this amount was paid in salaries alone to 178 officers, including all those in or above the \$5,000 salary class. This left a sum of \$11,620,000, slightly more than five times that paid to 178 individuals, for distribution among some 10,000 other home office

officials and employees below the \$5,000 salary mark. As this class included large numbers of relatively well-paid section chiefs, supervisors, speed-up experts, etc., what was left for thousands of plain honest workers is conjectural.

These individual salary items, more particularly, also appear: Haley Fiske, president, \$150,000 per annum; Haley Fiske, Jr., divisional sales manager, \$40,360 (including commissions); Archibald F. C. Fiske (another son), third vice-president, \$27,000; Frederick H. Ecker, vice-president, \$125,000; Frederic W. Ecker (son), assistant treasurer, \$20,000; then, running far behind Messrs. Fiske and Ecker come three vice-presidents at \$39,000 each per annum, another executive at \$36,000, another at \$35,000, another at \$32,500, still another at \$31,000, and on their heels a panting phalanx of sixteen struggling upward from the \$20,000 mark. Altogether, in salaries alone, twenty-seven company officers collected \$944,575 last year for managing the affairs of the Metropolitan, a sum which exceeded by many thousands the \$913,980 spent by the company to provide more than 10,000 people with some 3,120,000 lunches during the year.

Among the company's general disbursements are listed these interesting items: \$37,650 for service medals, presumably to improve the morale if not the pay of weary veterans; \$137,993.35 for conventions; \$11,060 for "legislative expenses" (unspecified); \$30,000 to the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, organized after the insurance scandals of 1906 to improve the moral and social tone of the business and do its official lobbying.

If the policy of the Metropolitan is not one of ruthless exploitation of its white-collar workers, President Fiske and his board of directors might make a start in the right direction by applying to the salaries of their worst-paid workers the considerable savings brought about by reductions that readily suggest themselves in many items of overhead, including officers' salaries.

The Passport Nuisance

By EZRA POUND

"THE American people does not think." Very well, no mass of 120,000,000 people ever has thought; it takes but the most rudimentary knowledge of crowd-psychology, unanimism, etc., to know that thought does not occur in such aggregates. Why expect our nation to surpass, all so easily and so undesigningly, the records of the past and "great nations of antiquity"?

"The American people does not remember." Another age-old quality or defect of the populace, the traditional populace. Americans under thirty do not remember pre-war Europe, for the natural reason that they mostly never saw it; and in consequence they cannot be expected to become especially enraged over particular imbecilities that have developed in Europe since 1914 or 1918.

Elder American tourists have not all of them been in Europe before; and we are, let us suppose, the most patient and nebulous race of beings that have ever moved on this planet. The majority of tourists appear to believe that European conditions were always as bad as they now are; their historic perspective does not reach back to, let us say, the causes of Wilson's first election. We are, as a nation,

educated to look not to the past but the future; as the simple-minded freshman is told to look up—while you slip a bit of ice down the front of his collar.

The post-war annual exodus to Europe is divisible roughly into three or four parts: (1) The studious, I mean the young, actively acquisitive explorers; (2) the cultural, I mean the patient old ladies who have been saving up for some time; (3) the drunks (a post-war phenomenon—this—in any such quantity as to demand special treatment), and (4) the shoppers. I suppose these are all particularly patient classes. The old ladies have learned patience; the young are still accustomed to being interfered with by college deans and other such formenifera; the drunks are so relieved by the prevalence of certain facilities that they are ready to put up with anything; the shoppers are notably idiots, and besides they usually have attendants to take trouble for them. (So also have the envoys of the Standard Oil and other legendary monsters with whom the bureaucracy distinctly does *not* monkey.)

While Europe still "groaned under tyranny" I wandered about the face of this continent, I went on foot into

its by-ways for sixteen years with no "papers," that is to say with no brass checks, no government's petty officials' permission, nothing in fact, but for one year (1911, I think it was) an unstamped membership card to the Touring Club de France, and a tin button of that fraternity which helped me to get into a small inn at Chalus when covered with twenty miles of mud.

This comfortable period is "over"; not permanently, if I can help it, but at any rate suspended; and this suspension has continued for six or eight years too long. To trace the remote causes of any ill odor is a thankless task, especially if the search reveal such national treasures and sources of civic pride as the late Bryan, the late Wilson, and the unfortunately still extant personnel of the United States Department of State. It is, alas, almost wholly forgotten that Bryan gave Wilson to America; and that Wilson subsequently introduced into international affairs an academic mind; a mind used not to dealing with adults, but to administering petty formalities to an adolescent scholastic body. And whatever ultimately be said by Mr. Wilson's apologists, and whatever final praise be given to his aims and aspirations, there remains at least one private conviction that during his rule the civic organization of America suffered very great damage; that the individual welfare of the citizen went by the board; that the powers of all classes of officials were extended beyond the limits of decency, and beyond limits compatible with the permanent safety of the commonwealth.

Yes, these are very large words. Let 'em stand. What, gentle reader, *are* bureaucrats? Hired janitors who think they own the whole building. The French, being more given to speculation than we, have recently produced several students of bureaucracy, several authors who have studied the *fonctionnaire* as one studies other poisonous insects, and even tried to explain and account for his actions, his inhibitions. The result is not encouraging. One can sympathize with a tyrant, led on by some megalomania or some dream of ultimate benefit to the race or some decoration of his own personal glory; one can sympathize with the crook who does it for excitement, or the poor devil who steals to feed himself or his family; but for the *rond-de-cuir* who sits in an office devising, in perfect safety, some inane means of annoying others, one can have no tolerance.

Mr. Wilson might have made a fairly successful Emperor of Byzantium; in the year 853 few of his habits would have greatly annoyed the populace of that city. But a President who exceeds his functions naturally encourages the small fry to follow suit. There had been, before Wilson's election, very few Democrats; the supply for normal appointees was short, and for the abnormal war demands, still shorter. The war produced, if not a new ruling class, at least a new zealous bossiness.

I had my first meeting with the new civic order during the armistice. I was living in London. I was told that I "could not go to France unless I had business." I naturally had business. I received a lot of other improbable information from the under-sub-vice-assistant. My wife could not possibly accompany me unless she were ill. I naturally produced doctors' certificates. I could not move about in France; I must go to one place and stay there. At this point I was rescued by an elderly intelligent official from another department who took two hours off and swore to several contradictory statements in a manner showing great familiarity with the mind-ersatz of officialdom.

I went to France. When I got to Toulouse I found, as I had suspected, that the under-sub-vice-assistant's information was false. The young chap at the *mairie* told me I could do as I liked, and that I was free to walk into the Pyrenees. A few miles from the Spanish border an officer on horseback rode up behind me and asked where was I going. I said "Mt. Segur." He said "All right, go there. I am looking for French deserters."

This was, you perceive, before the so-called Peace of Versailles, and before all Europe had gone crazy over formalities. I had no trouble till I got back to Paris and entered the American consulate. There the vice-assistant-second-sub categorically forbade me to return to my home in London. I said: "I live there," and suggested that he ask the assistant-first-vice or some one higher up concerning the regulations. He disappeared behind a partition, and returned with a request that I "get a letter" from my employer, evidently knowing no strata of life save one where *everyone* has an employer. It was next suggested that I find some sort of "reference" for myself. Every American I had known in Paris before the war had left. I knew no one save the Ambassador whom I had met two days before. I thought vaguely that he might have other things to do—at that particular time—than look after passports. However, I stepped into a taxi and drove round to the embassy. The embassy dealt with the consulate, and I proceeded about my lawful occasions.

That was 1919, and Europe was, confessedly, in a mess, and errors might be exceptions. But what in heaven's name has that temporary confusion to do with 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927? What has it to do with the unending boredom of waiting an hour, a half-hour, three hours, in countless bureaux, for countless useless visas, identities, folderols?

England is not richer than we are; England is not less exposed to the immigration of undesirable units. The British passport costs seven shillings, sixpence (less than two dollars); it is good for seven years. Visas to other countries have either been mutually abolished or their cost reduced to a trifle.

The American official and executive group does not desire the comfort and convenience of the American individual. And what is more, we have one of the clumsiest systems of communication between individuals, and unorganized groups of individuals, that exists in any allegedly representative government. Apart from our tendency to put up with anything, and our instilled duty to be humorous instead of taking action, the normal American has no idea whatsoever as to how he should or can deal with any executive infamy. That, I take it, is part of the price we pay for having our national capital tucked away in a corner. The English who do most things badly are at least able to get at their rulers. Someone takes little Whiff or old Jiblet out on a golf-links and wrings his figurative neck; someone knows so-and-so and the matter gets a few moments' attention. Anything causing inconvenience to ten or twenty thousand literate people can be got on the floor of the House of Commons in, I should say, forty-eight hours. In the United States this could only happen if the issue affected some very large organized business.

Our ideal public servant was given a one-column-wide, four-inch newspaper boost some months ago: "Aged 70 and a bachelor, has not taken a vacation for 20 years, has never indulged in sports or other games, but occasionally enjoyed a good cigar."

I have left out the international aspects of the passport nuisance. The mass of mutual irritation between individuals of one state and officials of another ought to be weighed; but for the space of this article I have tried to consider only the relation of the American to his own government, and more particularly the government's attitude to the individual, as summed up let us say by a little dialogue between one American (not myself) and his consul.

The American, gently: "Forty dollars is a bit heavy for (passport and visa fees for) a little trip of six weeks."

Consul: "Aw! We dun' care wether yuh trevul er not."

In the Driftway

DURING one of the Drifter's visits to Russia he was walking on the steppe beside the muddy river Kuma, when he saw a red rooster for the first time. If he were pressed the Drifter would have to admit that he had seen the species red rooster at other times and places; yet he repeats that he *saw* it that day for the first time, displayed against its right and inevitable background. It was in the mud season between winter and spring, after the snow had left the steppe and before the tulips have sprung up among the wheat, when the great plain is a flat sea of sticky, black ooze. Here and there rise out of it villages consisting of rows of identical huts, also made of mud. Occasionally a peasant is to be seen moving about on it, but not unless his errand is unavoidable, for the task of lifting a foot from the ground is too painful to repeat often. The peasants sit by their stoves at this season and make toys and embroideries and look out of their doorways, or if they are very rich, their windows, only to see if the *mgla* or cloud-ceiling shows signs of lifting. And they might look out to see a neighbor or a red rooster.

* * * * *

THE tail of the rooster which the Drifter saw for the first time was curved like a fountain, and made of long, supple feathers in a rusty shade of red. His throat was sleekly furred with tiny feathers overlaid like tiles, in a proud arched line. His rose-red crest made a dissonance with the russet which was arresting and oddly pleasing, always against the neutral monotone of the steppe. He strutted along beside the winding fissure of the Kuma, on slender red feet that hardly pricked the mud, arrogantly conscious of dominating the landscape and of being the father of Russian art.

* * * * *

LOOKING around for something beautiful to reproduce, the first mujik artist might have seen mountains and waterfalls, but not unless he lived in the Caucasus. He might have seen flowers and birds, but he would have had no time to paint their pictures, seeing them in the summer when he was busy with his crops. In the season when he had most time to spare for *kustarni* or handicraft, he would not have found a bit of life anywhere except his own domestic animals, and the only spot of color in his existence would have been his red rooster. So he painted the rooster on his wooden boxes, and his wife embroidered the rooster on her towels and iron-pieces in various poses—parading the ridge-pole of the cottage, extending a foot in a commanding gesture, wings spread in flight. All this was in crude scarlet and black—it was peasant art.

NOW mount a few degrees in the scale of evolution. Look at the paintings of sophisticated Russian artists. What distinguishes them most strikingly from their counterparts in other countries? Their frequent juxtaposition of orange-red and rose, their swirling curves and spirals—the colors of the rooster on the steppe and the lines of his plumage. Other subjects by this time have taken their share of the field, but the rooster motif recurs through painting and literature and even music. The *Coq d'Or* symbolized nothing less than the sun; the related fable of the Firebird ran through stories and songs before it became Strawinski's famous ballet. Other countries, too, have roosters, the Drifter admits; there are French national emblems and chanteclers and Spanish cock-fights. But there is something thrifty and domestic about a French chantecler, something brutal and perverted about a fighting-cock. Nowhere else does the bird dominate with such pomp and dignity, yes, majesty, as in Russia. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The New Pacifism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few days ago Dr. D. P. Barrows, president of the University of California, spoke openly in a newspaper here in support of intervention in Mexico. He is the man who has been chosen by the Carnegie Foundation to go to South America as a peace emissary next year.

Berkeley, California, November 1 PETER GULDBRANDSEN

On Irish Films

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Broun condemns the protest against screen caricatures of the Irish race because no other race has objected to ridicule. Does it follow that, because my neighbor refrains from protesting against damage done his property by ruffians, I must be condemned when I protest against damage to mine?

He condemns the protest because Irishmen of a past generation seemed to enjoy the sentimental, totally unreal stage Irishman of the Chauncey Olcott type, preferring it to the drunken pig-in-the-parlor stage-Irishman of an earlier period, now being revived on the screen in such productions as "The Callahans and the Murphys." But the Olcott characters were a decided improvement upon their predecessors.

Finally, Mr. Broun condemns the protest on the ground that Irish-Americans protested violently against "The Playboy of the Western World," pronounced by the critics a masterpiece, upon its first presentation and then did not protest when the play was revived. But this is not unusual in the history of literature. The critics might even flatter themselves that they had educated public taste!

Mr. Broun has overlooked the salient feature of this protest. While our writers may, at times, depict other nationalities as vulgar, stupid, or brutal, all Irish characters are represented as being abnormal or subnormal. They may be sentimental fools or vicious fools, but never normal human beings. What popular writer would depict his Irish characters otherwise than eccentric, asinine, ignorant, or vulgar?

If by their protest this committee can rid the stage and screen of even a modicum of the banalities, vulgarities, and indecencies with which a tame, submissive public has too long been flooded it deserves the heartfelt gratitude of every American who seeks entertainment not filth in the theater.

Bullston Spa, N. Y., November 1

A. J. REILLY

Our Passion for Arbitration

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the time when the League World Court was under discussion in the Senate of the United States there was a great deal said as to an alleged vital difference between arbitration on the one hand and the judicial settlement of international disputes on the other. It was vigorously maintained in certain quarters that arbitration was a process resembling compromise and that "judicial settlement" was the only royal road to the reign of law. It was further maintained that the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague was the representative merely of "arbitration" (that is, of compromise), whereas the new League World Court had emerged into the clear sunlight of "judicial settlement."

Dismissing and admitting all claimed judicial merits for the Permanent Court of International Justice, it becomes interesting now to note the definition given to "arbitration" by the Inter-American International Commission of Jurists in its report on "public international law" to be presented to the Pan-American Conference at Havana next January.

In Project Twelve of this report, Article 19, I find the following statement:

Arbitration has for its object the legal solution of conflicts by means of judges chosen by the interested states.

I note with interest the word "legal." I note with equal interest the word "judges." The eminent jurists of the United States and of the Latin American countries who produced this report did not say that arbitration was a give-and-take solution nor did they say that the arbitrators were horse-traders. They called the arbitrators judges and they gave to the process of arbitration the quality of law.

They then, in Article 22, make the following statement:

The permanent tribunal of arbitration, organized in conformity with the provisions of the "Convention for Pacific Settlement" of the Hague of 1907, shall be competent for all cases of arbitration.

In other words, arbitration is law and the Permanent Court of Arbitration is a tribunal for settlement by law.

I make two deductions:

1. We Americans do not need to go to the Permanent Court of International Justice to get law.
2. Since we do not hasten to the Permanent Court of Arbitration to get it for any of our difficulties, we indicate clearly that our interest in it is thoroughly academic.

Washington, D. C., November 16

WILLIAM HARD

Is Boston Reforming?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the fact that boys were arrested in Boston for attempting to sell copies of *The Nation* during the Sacco and Vanzetti funeral procession, it is of interest to find copies of *The Nation* for sale during the past few weeks at the Boston and Cambridge stands in the Boston Elevated Railway subway!

Cambridge, Mass., November 2

FRANCIS H. BIGELOW

Colonel Ingersoll's Letters

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am collecting the letters of my grandfather, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, with a view to their publication in the near future. I will be exceedingly grateful if any persons having letters of his in their possession will send me copies, or the originals which I will gladly copy and return promptly to the lenders.

Riverside, Conn., November 7

EVA INGERSOLL SWASEY

Is Your Bank Account Working for Anything

A bank account small or large or a special interest account can be used to back a constructive economic and social enterprise.

The Amalgamated Labor Banks

THE AMALGAMATED BANK OF NEW YORK

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THE AMALGAMATED TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK

111 West Jackson Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.

Sponsored by the
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of America

Write to either bank for further information

Books and Plays

Ocean

By THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

Then laying seven pencils parallel
Beside her notebook in the desk, she slipped
Into the noon; twelve brazen hours fell
From a successful tower on the tight-lipped
Thing of the earth who walked until she dipped
One slipper and the other in the sea
At evening.

"O great Ocean, I have kept
Silk on my thighs and ribbon on my knee
And moved through afternoon as quietly
As any cloudy bird and I am here
To meet no lover.

"Ocean, I was free
to come.

"Ocean, I am afraid of fear
And came here unafraid. Why must there be
A girl who comes at evening to the sea?"

A Heavy-handed Rascal

"Boss" Tweed. By Denis Tilden Lynch. Boni and Live-right. \$4.

MR. LYNCH has written an immensely readable book in relating the sinister story of Tweed's rise and downfall. After reading it, and reflecting about it, I have come to the conclusion that William M. Tweed was not the creator of his own destiny; nor a "boss" at all except in so far as he represented powerful moneyed interests in New York City politics. Behind this husky vulgarian and coarse manipulator of the people's money there are dimly defined figures of more adroit, but not less unscrupulous, personalities. Now and then they come to light for a brief moment. When the *New York Times* and its following began to hound Tweed out of office and into jail a committee consisting of John Jacob Astor—the largest owner of New York City real estate—and five or six other millionaires of the churchgoing, highly respectable type met to consider the state of affairs. After pawing over a few innocuous papers these pillars of society rendered a report in which they declared Tweed free of wrongdoing. They held him up to the community's eyes as a statesman of impeccable ideals and virtuous habits, though unfortunately maligned by the invidious.

That is what I have in mind when I say that Tweed was a tool rather than a boss; and in the end he was a victim.

At the time of his whitewashing by the Astor committee he was floundering in a stream of stolen loot. It was even then a notorious fact that he and his friends had taken at least thirty million dollars from the city treasury—but most of it was passed along to other and more obscure persons. Everybody knew that he was a thief; everybody knew that New York was the most corrupt municipality on the continent. Why then did the white-collar committee indorse him? The simple answer to this question is that he remitted their taxes in wholesale fashion. This was revealed—as Mr. Lynch shows—in the investigation that followed his downfall. Though he and his gang had taken thirty or forty millions—maybe more—the ominous shadows in the background had swindled the public, through Tweed, of at least ten times that amount.

As a rascal he was both thoroughgoing and picturesque. But he failed in the more refined and artistic qualities of the grafter's profession. His methods were so crude as to border

on the grotesque. For example, we find him making the city buy several hundred benches at the rather fantastic price of six hundred dollars a bench, when they were actually worth five dollars a bench. And the plastering of the new courthouse cost not less than \$646,000—the contractor being one of Tweed's friends. Even worse: there were vouchers of cash paid to T. C. Cash, a name in which a pun lies concealed. In one payment the wholly fictional T. C. Cash received \$64,000.

No thieving politician of today would think of such heavy-handed proceedings. There are more deft ways of going about it, but Tweed was not a slick rascal, and he disdained hypocrisy. When his peculations were exposed he said calmly: "What are you going to do about it?" Bravado, of course, for while this bold front was maintained we see his henchmen slipping around to the owners of the *Times* and offering to buy it at a price of five million dollars, which was probably five times more than the newspaper was worth. But the *Times* declined to sell.

Mr. Lynch's book is comprehensive as well as vivid and dramatic. He explains "Boss" Tweed by setting forth the life and social ideals of the time. He has, in fact, written a history of New York City in the sixties and seventies with Tweed as the central figure.

In his capacity for portraiture Mr. Lynch reaches a high degree of distinction. I thought I knew Jay Gould, for I have just finished reading a voluminous treatise on him and his financial methods, but Mr. Lynch depicts him more clearly in two or three pages than does the author of the five hundred pages I have recently read. In similar fashion he visualizes the Draft Riots of 1863, the Gold Conspiracy, James Fisk and Josie Mansfield, and most of the outstanding figures and events of the period.

This book has the three-dimensional quality which should be a characteristic of genuine biographical work. In it you see people, and not merely names and words; people who move to and fro and do things in such comprehensible fashion that we are able to understand their motives.

W. E. WOODWARD

Tenuous Matter

The Analysis of Matter. By Bertrand Russell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$6.

TO a sturdy common sense a naive realism has always been an adequate philosophy to live by. And if that realism was challenged it could with a dogmatic reliance on sensuous experience meet the challenge as Dr. Johnson did in his emphatic but dubious refutation of Berkeley. To such animal faith the knowledge of an external world held no mysteries and its crude realism hindered a more adequate sympathy with reality. Familiarity with the world makes it seem obvious and for common sense the obvious needs no explanation.

But if common sense has stuck too close to its perceptual data, physics in its speculative flights has almost forgotten them. Today the tenuous abstractions of physics present a world astonishingly different from the vivid natural scene unfolded in perception. Yet if the laws of physics are to be verified, it must be through a correlation of its abstractions with the more concrete elements of this perceived world. For any critique of empirical science therefore an interpretation of general laws in terms of perception becomes imperative. The works of Einstein, Weyl, and Eddington have introduced radical and paradoxical changes in such fundamental concepts as matter, causality, and space-time which the old Newtonian metaphysics cannot express adequately. The new physics demands a reconstruction in metaphysics, and Mr. Russell has made the first important step in this direction.

The problem, it is true, was recognized by such advanced

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thinkers as Poincaré and Mach, but they lacked the necessary technique for its solution. The more subtle apparatus of mathematical logic, whose application Russell had illustrated in his earlier work on "Scientific Method in Philosophy," supplied this technique and made Whitehead's and Russell's contributions to our subject possible.

In what is one of the most suggestive chapters of his "Scientific Method" Russell had foreshadowed much of his present analysis. Two tendencies in this most recent of Russell's philosophical attitudes unite in what has vaguely been called neutral monism. In this philosophy "matter is less material and mind less mental" than the traditional metaphysics supposes them to be. It has therefore a materialistic element most prominent in Russell's "Analysis of Mind" and an idealistic trend expressed in his "Analysis of Matter." The old sharp distinction between mind and matter is abandoned for a "neutral stuff" postulated as the stuff of reality.

Russell's materialism, however, is saved from the fallacies of the simple determinism that the seventeenth century so naively accepted, and his idealism is free of Berkeley's difficulties. On the one hand his metaphysics is not irreconcilable with the fact that for modern physics "atoms might as well be possessed of free will, limited, however, to one of several possible choices," and for him—as for Peirce—science "need not assume that there are laws everywhere." On the other hand, where for unperceived events Berkeley invoked a God, Russell appeals to the logic of a causal theory of perception.

The bald economy of that logic dispenses with many of the traditions of physics and philosophy. The principle of the conservation of mass has been invalidated by relativity physics, and Russell finally disposes of substance. It is an insubstantial matter he leaves to us, being simply a group of events ordered about a center.

We perceive events, not substances, that is to say, what we perceive occupies a volume of space-time which is small in all four dimensions, not indefinitely extended in one dimension (time). And what we can primarily infer from percepts, assuming the validity of physics, are groups of percepts, again not substances. It is a mere linguistic convenience to regard a group of events as states of a "thing" or "substance" or "piece of matter." This inference was originally made on the ground of the logic which philosophers inherited from common sense. But the logic was faulty, and the inference is unnecessary. By defining a "thing" as the group of what would formerly have been its "states" we alter nothing in the detail of physics, and avoid an inference as precarious as it is useless.

If these conclusions seem startling when it is remembered that they are based on empirical science, it is because empirical science is still regarded by many in the light of the simple mechanism of the Greek atomists. Modern atomism, particularly as exemplified in the well-known work of Heisenberg, tends to regard matter as a conceptual construction characterized by certain determinate finite numbers such as quantum numbers. If we restrict physics and our philosophy to observable quantities—as indeed we must if our terms are to have any meaning—Russell's conclusions seem inevitable. Matter for physics and therefore for philosophy is a series of events. The persistence of "one piece of matter" throughout a series of transformations is not to be expressed on the doubtful hypothesis of the indestructibility of matter but in terms of such concepts as Minkowski's world-lines which give the spatio-temporal function of events. This leads to a view of the physical world as a logical structure having a certain kind of reality but not the reality we attribute to perceptions. The resulting philosophy is saved from extreme idealism by the postulate of the neutral stuff. It is not very clear what this neutral stuff is. Is it a Spencerian unknowable or a Kantian "ding an sich"? Or are we perhaps to identify the neutral stuff with

events? One could wish that Mr. Russell had dwelt longer on this theme.

Such brief review can give but inadequate account of the depth and scope of the book. It is undoubtedly the most thorough treatment of the subject that has yet been published, and Russell's recognized familiarity with modern physics and psychology makes it also the most authentic. In this book, written before Bridgeman's recent treatise though published after it, Russell has anticipated much of the admirable work on scientific method. It is written with his usual clarity and delightful rigor.

WILLIAM GRUEN

The Strategy of Lee

An Aide de Camp of Lee. Being Papers of Colonel Charles Marshall, Military Secretary. Edited by Major General Sir Frederick Maurice. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

THE war studies of an American staff officer of our Civil War edited by an English general? It sounds fantastic. But Major General Sir Frederick Maurice is one of the best-informed students of the war between the American States—witness his admirable life of Robert E. Lee. He has now taken the unpublished papers of Lee's military secretary, Colonel Charles Marshall, and edited them into this volume dealing with Lee's most important battles and particularly with the moot points of those conflicts, General Maurice himself sitting as a judge upon Colonel Marshall's contentions. The result is an extremely valuable contribution to the literature of our Civil War, one which must find an important place in every collection dealing with that struggle. Thus, his account of what went wrong with Lee's strategy and tactics at Gettysburg is set forth for the lay reader more clearly and in briefer compass than we remember to have seen it anywhere else. General Maurice upholds Colonel Marshall in placing the blame for Lee's coming unexpectedly upon the Federals and having to fight on the terrain chosen by them upon General J. E. B. Stuart's misinterpretation of his orders, which deprived Lee's army of its eyes. Marshall's testimony tends to prove also that even under this handicap Lee could have won had his orders been correctly and promptly carried out by his corps and division commanders.

Colonel Marshall's story of the surrender at Appomattox is of course historical material of first importance, but that has, we believe, been printed before. His, and General Maurice's, interpretation of Jackson's highly successful maneuver at Chancellorsville helps to end another long controversy as to whether the credit for it belonged entirely to Jackson or to Lee. They lean to Lee. But General Maurice points out how on several occasions General Lee's failure to put his orders in writing or to make them entirely clear to his commanders was responsible for bloody and abortive attacks and lost opportunities that robbed Lee of decisive victories.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

In a Fog

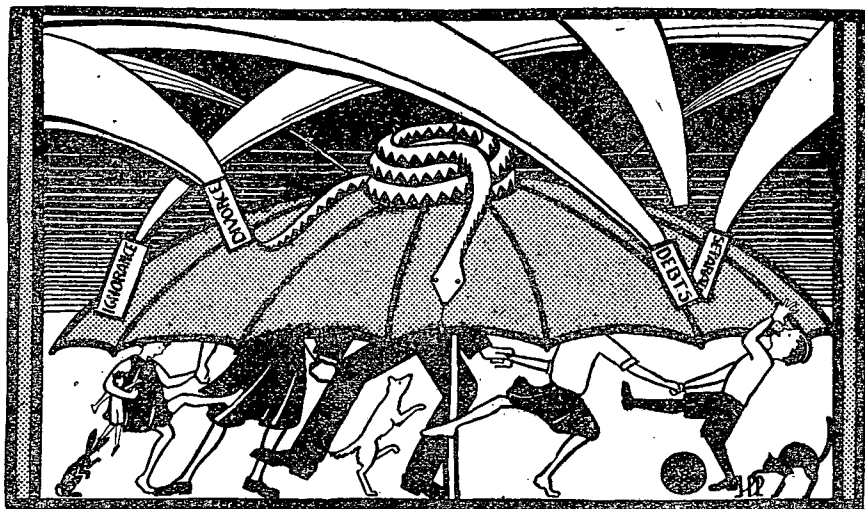
My Heart and My Flesh. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

THIS is one of the most beautiful books of our time—in spots. In spots it comes out into the open, it discloses a view to the mountains or down into the impenetrable valleys of the mind. And when the view seems especially superb, when the valleys are exposed most sharply, down over the scene floats a fog, a thick, syrupy fog of English style, style merely for its own sake, and life is obscured, the feel of flesh and heart is gone.

There are sharp places in the book; there is the place where the mulatto half-sister of the heroine fingers the knife

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with which she is about to kill her lover, when her voice and Theodosia's voice blend in a dreadful duet of death, when Theodosia will have the mulatto girl kill to avenge her own unfaithful suitor, when the song of their two voices rises above the fog and holds the reader bound and still. There is the old widowed aunt of Theodosia, living out her life in one room of her huge house, sitting all day by the hearth fire on which eight sticks of wood a day are all that is allowed, cooking coarse pones for the half mad old hounds that lie at her feet or stir about the empty house, and sleeping at night on a pile of rags in her storeroom so that her bed may be always undisturbed. There are the pure-bred cattle at the end, Betty Hawthorne the prize milker, the young bull in his prime, strong, proud, his creamy coat covering the pink of his flesh; there is Caleb at the end, offering Theodosia Betty Hawthorne for her own cow, offering her himself, his fertile acres, his neat barns; and Theodosia, while she yearns toward him, thinking of Frank, in whose arms, unresisting, passive, she had lain.

These scenes and others in the book are clear and unforgettable, but the story of Theodosia herself is not. She it is, perhaps, around whom the fog clings most closely. She never quite comes out, as her Aunt Doe does, as Lethe comes out when she holds the murderous knife. Men are said to love her but she is not lovable; she is a mummy wrapped in white wool, a mummy with thin hands and a half talent for playing the violin, a mummy without passion, without even the fear of passion. Around her visible figures move; her Aunt Doe, her philandering father, her grandfather withering by his fire, her father's bastard daughters Lethe and Americus. But where Theodosia herself should have drawn them together, where indeed she is said to draw them together, to be the center about which they revolve, she is instead hidden in the fog of wool, lifeless, incredible.

In "The Time of Man," with which this book will inevitably be compared, Miss Roberts wrote in her own particular way a magnificent symphony which had as theme the imposing figure of a woman in whom life ran richly. Her second symphony is confused. The harmonies are sound and lovely; the theme itself is blurred. And this is a pity; for when she can command it, Miss Roberts wields as strange and compelling a prose as exists today; and when, on the other hand, it escapes her, the reader is left floundering in a blanket of words.

DOROTHY GRAFFE VAN DOREN

A Referendum on War

Give the People Their Own War Power. By Thomas Hall Shastid. Ann Arbor, Michigan: George Wahr. \$2.

"WE have tried leaving the war power with the politicians," says Dr. Shastid, "tried it for ages, and they have made this world a hell and frustrated all the higher hopes of intelligent people." Therefore, he continues, let us now take this power away from the politicians and put it into the hands of the people, where it properly belongs.

To this end our author proposes two amendments to the federal Constitution. The one declares, in effect, that neither in peace nor in war shall the United States nor any of its subdivisions or agencies give or loan any money to foreign Powers "without first submitting the question to a vote of the people" at an election especially called for this purpose. The other declares, in effect, that no war or wars shall be made or declared by the United States without the question being first submitted to a vote of the people as above described. The first few pages of the book are given up to exposition of the meaning of these amendments. The rest is devoted to an exhaustive series of questions and answers covering this and many other phases of the peace question.

Dr. Shastid's writing is clear, direct, sincere. His thesis, once vigorously supported by the late Mr. Bryan, has recently

taken on a new and greater dignity through its espousal by Ambassador Houghton in his Harvard commencement address last June. Persuasive as it is, as a frank appeal to democratic responsibility, the idea still leaves us cold. For we would take away the power to make war not only from the politicians but from the people as well! A war has never seemed to us to be any more moral or any less destructive because it had popular support. Make war a crime, never lawful nor right under any circumstances, and we may get somewhere. But our rejection of Dr. Shastid's program involves no rejection of his book. Any intelligent discussion aimed at getting rid of war is valuable. In this sense, "Give the People Their Own War Power" is a welcome addition to current pacifist literature.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Contemporary French Masters

Since Victor Hugo. By Bernard Faÿ. Translated from the French by Paul R. Doolin. Little, Brown and Company.

WHEN Mr. Faÿ published this work in 1925 under the title "Panorama de la littérature contemporaine," I must own I was one of the many French critics who thought that his so-called synthesis was even more incomplete than ambitious. It was impossible not to feel that when he wrote those articles Mr. Faÿ had been more eager to point out a few individual figures than to give a full historical account of the evolution of French literature during the last fifty years. Taken as a general survey, the book was always superficial and frequently incorrect in its statements. The more modest title of the American translation suits it much better; even then it must be used cautiously. Mr. Faÿ is always "authoritative"; but to produce evidence for his assertions would appear to him mere pedantry. I cannot decide if he may be believed when he speaks of "the anti-French review *The Nation* of New York"; I am sure he must not be trusted when he says that Taine "vulgarized" the ideas of Renan, and that "naturalism was a brief episode in our literary history," or calls Jules Romains "a brutal but gifted writer, who aimed to reveal the soul of the crowd, so dear to the naturalists, by the methods of the symbolist poet."

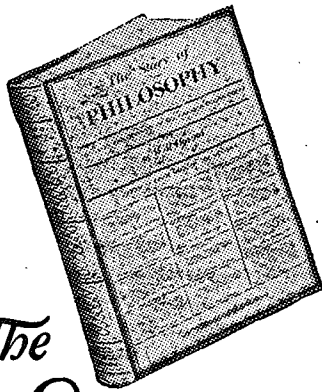
"Since Victor Hugo" will however be useful to the American student if he reads it as a collection of essays. The historical chapters about schools and general movements must not be taken too seriously; but the biographies of Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Barrès, Proust, Valéry, and Gide are worth reading. To those masters Mr. Faÿ gives their due tribute of admiration and his essays may stand as valuable introductions to their works. As regards our contemporaries, his last chapters show what was the price of stocks on the Paris literary 'change, two years ago. On the whole it has not altered too much, though Dada and surréalisme have not yet brought to light that "discipline of a great epoch" Mr. Faÿ praised them for.

RENÉ LALOU

Modern Witchcraft

The Place Called Dagon. By Herbert S. Gorman. George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

MR. GORMAN here attempts a strange and almost impossible task—the recreation in a contemporary New England environment of the malefic atmosphere of the ancient Salem witch-cults, a portrayal of the Dionysiac and insane urges that stir beneath the tight-lipped repressions of a group of New England farmers. The recent researches of Jane Murray which establish beyond doubt the actual existence of these witch-cults lend a certain air of scientific verisimilitude to this bizarre and dreadful tale. That Mr. Gorman has successfully concocted what is known technically as a "thriller" is undeniable. But



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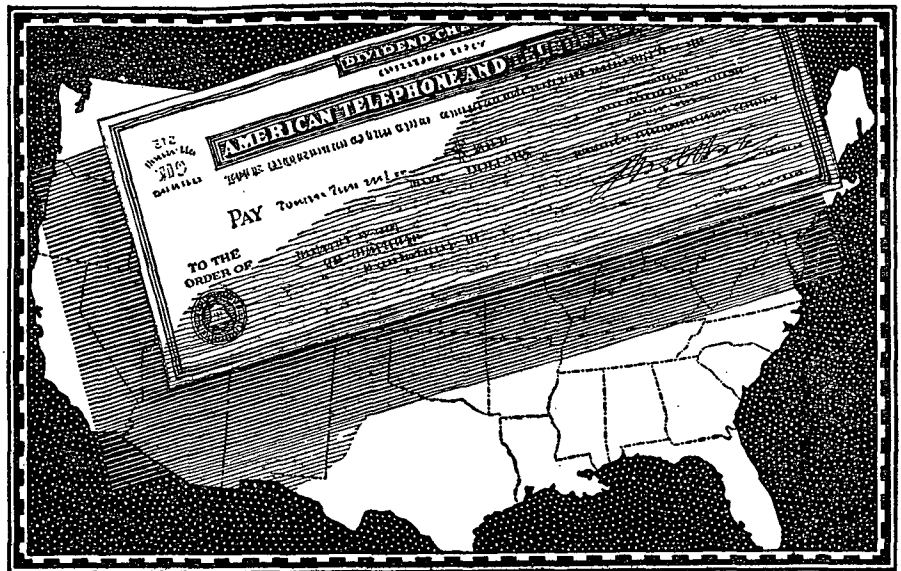
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the seriousness of his initial idea and the careful quality of his very distinguished prose indicate that he is trying to do much more than that, that he is endeavoring to effect in the reader that willing suspension of disbelief which is never created by the mere thriller. Herein he achieves but a partial, though considerable success. From the souls of his starved and smoldering New Englanders he draws strange and terrible things, things black and deformed—and one actually falls under the spell of his incantatory power. But that spell is too often broken by a Gothic over-plotting, a too-relentless and inclusive piling up of a Poesque atmosphere and the introduction of a rather irrelevant and unconvincing romance. Altogether a strange and original tale which it is difficult to lay down.

C. P. FADIMAN

Books in Brief

Bugles in the Night. By Barry Benefield. The Century Company. \$2.

The story of an old veteran's Platonic and noble protection of Alice Kibbe, a helpless waif who was being thrust down dark paths. The strange pair struggle in New York and struggle in Brooklyn and have whimsical adventures even in those settings. Alice finds a curious lover, and her quaint old protector dies touchingly on the last page. The fantasy and feeling in the book are commendable, but unfortunately a little overdone.

Sir Pompey and Madame Juno and Other Tales. By Martin Armstrong. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

Properly speaking the writings of Mr. Armstrong are not short stories at all. By this is meant that Mr. Armstrong's gift is purely descriptive and that, although capable of being fanciful to extravagance, he lacks the power of imagination which can raise the narration of an incident to a revelation of life. In this latest volume, as in the others, he is uniformly successful in producing cleverly conceived and well-written sketches on a variety of themes; and yet the skill with which he carries each tale to its satisfactory conclusion cannot hide the lack of finality and authenticity in his work. Whatever pleasure the reader finds in the book is obtained through watching Mr. Armstrong start a happy conception out of the thicket of experience and chase it in concentric circles until it is brought down by one of his uncommonly felicitous phrases. Nothing more deeply emotional than the hunter's instinct is stirred by the performance.

The Plague in Shakespeare's London. By F. P. Wilson. Oxford University Press. \$4.25.

Not all of the plagues which visited Europe found a Boccaccio or a Defoe to keep their memory fresh. Some passed quite uncelebrated by any remembered writer and two of those which visited England in 1603 and 1625 received their chief treatment at the hands of the lively journalist, Thomas Decker, who retains just enough interest for us to cause the reprinting of his plague pamphlets. The present study was begun with the purpose of illustrating these pamphlets, but grew into a small book in which contemporary theories, methods of treatment, etc., are described along with a brief account of the course of the plague and its effect upon the imagination of Elizabethan England. The book is agreeably written, thoroughly documented, and interestingly illustrated with reproductions of old documents and prints.

NOTE. In Mr. Fadiman's review last week of Miss Lehmann's "Dusty Answer" appeared the words: "the same melancholy anemia which is the keynote of her character." The last word should have been "characters."

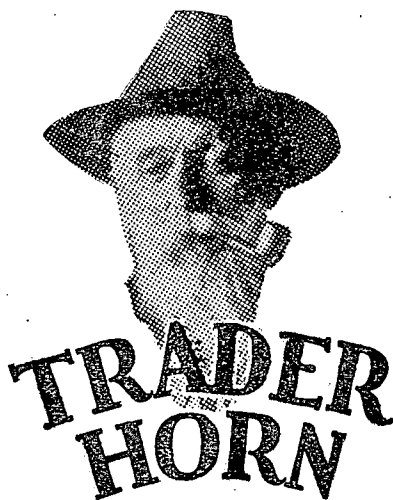
Drama

Pauline Lord

SO extraordinarily vivid is the personality of Miss Pauline Lord that she renders it almost impossible to judge as a play any piece in which she happens to be appearing. She has created a character which has an independent existence apart from any of the roles which she is called upon to play; that character is one which is quite evidently an expression of her temperament; and she transfers it almost intact from play to play. She does not so much interpret as live, upon the stage at least, the character of a certain specific, tragically bewildered woman, and though she speaks the lines which the dramatist has assigned to her she seems to be enacting in an almost somnambulist state some episodes in a dream-life of her own.

In one respect her position in our theater is—if a sufficiently grotesque comparison be permitted—not unlike that of Charlie Chaplin in the world of the cinema, since, though her plays have no more connection with one another than his scenarios have, she is, like him, so much more vivid than any of the incidents she enacts that we are not only more interested in her than in her roles but even come to feel that it is all somehow a part of the life of the same personage in spite of the fact that neither logic nor chronology would permit us to consider it all one story. Nor is, indeed, the comparison quite so grotesque as it might at first sight appear to be. A certain persistence in pathetically frustrated impulses, a certain hopeless reliance upon desperately gay little gestures, makes the figure which Miss Lord has created a sort of tragic analogue of Charlie, and though it happens that the great admiration which I have for her is hardly to be compared with my very mild appreciation of him the fact remains not only that each has created a more or less fixed, legendary figure much more solidly real than any of the stories in which it is seen, but also that the two have in common a certain engaging, incompetent good-will at the bottom of their souls. The psychology of Mr. Chaplin's creation has often been called child-like. The rapidity with which he yields to impulses and the helpless, depreciatory gesture with which he gives himself up when he has been caught in any naughtiness has been compared with the *espièglerie* of some ultimate child and the comparison is equally apt for that character which Miss Lord portrays. She seems a child who, with no equipment except a child's gaiety, has been called upon to function in a hard adult world and upon whom burdens too great for her to understand, much less bear, have been laid. Perhaps, indeed, it is just here that we must seek the secret of the almost unendurable pity which she awakes. There are few adults who do not feel, at times at least, that they have grown up too fast, that they have not really changed so much with the passing of the years, and that they are merely compelled to pretend a maturity and competence which they do not really feel. Much of their own predicament which they do not dare to admit they recognize in that figure which Miss Lord evokes and in pitying her they pity themselves.

Never, I think, since "They Knew What They Wanted" has she appeared in a play in which she fitted so well as she did into it, and "Spellbound" (Earl Carroll Theater) is, except for her own luminosity, obscure enough. Said to be based upon a crime committed a few years ago, it tells the story of an unstable, imaginative woman who allowed herself to be married to a cold domineering man and who then, because of a certain inability to distinguish between day-dreams and reality, inspired her lover to free her by committing a murder which she did not really wish. It is continuously interesting, it has two or three scenes of great power, and it threatens at moments to explore an abyss of pathological passion at the bottom of which lies the sadistic husband in the arms of a perverted wife who fiercely relishes in some dark corner of her soul the tortures he inflicts. But



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Some months ago *The Inner Sanctum* suggested to CARL DICKEY, editor of *The World's Work*, that he ask eminent persons in all ranges of American life, excluding only professional critics, to state frankly what books they were reading—and why. Thus originated a fascinating and spirited innovation in book reviewing. And yet the idea is haunting and embarrassing *The Inner Sanctum*, for it seems to be working out like a Machiavellian publicity stragem for SIMON AND SCHUSTER.

The October roll-call, for example, reveals five out of ten notables reading *The Story of Philosophy*—and in most cases featuring it first. Note the range of interests represented:

JUDGE BEN LINDSEY
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PRESIDENT MAX MASON, of the University of Chicago
MAJOR GENERAL JOHN F. O'RYAN

For years we have been trying to find out what kind of automobile HENRY FORD drives, what species of delicatessen MR. HEINZ privately fancies, and what a great big librarian really reads for his intimate exhilaration after a hard day in the book-stalls. Thanks to *The World's Work* one boyhood craving is now appeased, for we are informed that CHARLES MOORE, acting chief of the Division of Manuscripts of the Library of Congress, is now enjoying the salty stingo of *Trader Horn*. "It is a trump," he announces, "I shall miss none of *Trader Horn's* forthcoming philosophy."

While confessions are in order, *The Inner Sanctum* breaks down and owns up to reading this week:

The Selected Papers of Bertrand Russell
My Life in Advertising, by CLAUDE C. HOPKINS
Studies in Trees, by J. J. LEVISON
The Martyrdom of Man, by WINWOOD READE
Daybreak, by ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

This was a particularly turbulent and thrilling day for *The Inner Sanctum*: in a few minutes we placed printing orders for 55,000 books, including:

20,000 more *Trader Horn*
18,000 more *Story of Philosophy*
10,000 more *Transition*
5,000 more *Cross Word Puzzle Book No. 8*

Printings on *The Story of Philosophy* now total 200,000 copies.

For *Trader Horn* the figure is now 92,000 copies.

The advance sale of SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF's forthcoming BEETHOVEN biography, *Eroica*, is coming along staunchly, but it took a sudden spurt this week when an astigmatic middle-western dealer thought he detected a "t" in the middle of the title.

—ESSANDESS

the play never seems entirely certain of the impression it intends to convey, and one seems to see superimposed upon one another three separate unfused things: First, the outline of an actual crime; second, a conception of the author's never wholly detached from the real events which suggested it; and, third, that more or less fixed character which Miss Lord carries from play to play. But though one is never quite certain what the piece is about Miss Lord holds one fascinated. I spoke of that something trance-like in her manner; it casts upon the spectator a similar spell from which he cannot awake, so that he hardly cares to ask what the play is about so long as she is upon the stage.

It would be easy to make out a logical case against Miss Lord as an actress, to argue that she tyrannizes over every role instead of interpreting it. But this is one of the cases where any such logical protest is impotent in the face of a power which merely brushes every objection aside. Whatever her rank as an

actress Miss Lord's is the most extraordinary temperament to be seen in our theater.

The events in the life of Samuel Pepys which are recorded in the comedy "And So to Bed" (Shubert Theater) are supposed to have taken place a few weeks after the close of the diary. The susceptible Samuel gets surprised by King Charles in a lady's boudoir, hides in a chest, leaves an incriminating flageolet behind, and, in general, comports himself as a farceur would have him. The atmosphere is well preserved and the piece is made charming by the introduction of several old songs, including Mr. Pepy's own much-beloved "Beauty Retire." It is acted acceptably by Wallace Eddinger as the diarist and brilliantly by Yvonne Arnaud as that "poor wretch," his wife.

"Nightstick" (Selwyn Theater) is a crook melodrama with more than the usual number of thrills.

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
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Thursday, December 1st

8.15 P.M.—JOHN FARRAR
"The Literature of Futility"
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International Relations Section

China — Seen from Moscow

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, October 5

FENG YU-HSIANG and Chang Kai-shek are styled "traitors" in the Soviet press and the *Pravda* prints its Chinese news under the title: In the Land of Counter-Revolution. The Chinese revolution, Moscow believes, has temporarily spent its force.

Stalin and the Opposition are busily engaged in the game of placing the blame for the failures in China at one another's door. This placing of the blame assumes acceptance of responsibility—one reason why the Russian view of the Chinese situation is so interesting and important.

The Opposition was doubtful, it seems, about the wisdom of the Cantonese drive to Hankow and Shanghai. Its result, they argue, has been the loss of Canton Province to the revolution. For two years or more the Kuomintang, Chang Kai-shek, and Borodin sat peacefully in Canton without organizing a real revolution among the mass of the people. Wampoa and a good army nucleus are fine things, they argue, but no sooner was Chang Kai-shek's military force marching north than the little and big tuchuns began to lift their heads and assert themselves as masters of the situation. The Opposition answers: "That is because less attention was paid to the internal affairs than to anti-foreign affairs"—an unspoken and perhaps unconscious charge that the Stalin majority neglected the proper development of the Chinese revolution in order more quickly to spike the British.

Without the Northern drive, the "administration" in Moscow insists, the revolutionary spirit along the Yangtze would have lain dormant. The repulse of the reactionary militarists made the masses conscious of their strength, enabled trade unions and peasant committees to spring up, and made it possible for Nationalist propaganda to take root.

The Opposition's sharpest criticism centers around events after the capture of Hankow and Shanghai. Karl Radek, who is no longer rector of the Sun Yat-sen University here, would have had the International Settlement at Shanghai occupied by the Chinese workers and middle classes without army intervention and with as little damage as possible to foreign property. With two million Chinese in the settlement itself, he thinks, no Sikhs or gunboats could have prevented it. That would have destroyed a source of reaction that has served to corrupt Chang Kai-shek.

When Hankow was taken, Radek continues, the workers should have been armed with munitions from the Hanyang arsenal, next to Mukden, the largest in the country. Instead of allowing feudal, landowning officers to control the army, a real Red Guard should have been established. Above all, village and city soviets should have been organized, and the Communists should have bolted the Kuomintang.

Stalin and Bukharin still hope that at least the Left Kuomintang can be salvaged. Trotzky, Zinoviev, and Radek had despaired of the Kuomintang as early as April, 1926. Today the Opposition urges a frank Communist program in China carried out by Communists alone—this though the Chinese Communist Party is weak, lacks leadership, and has made innumerable serious mistakes. "If there can be a purely capitalist state in Manchuria," Radek said to me,

"there is no reason why you cannot have a Soviet state in the South."

Willy-nilly, the Communists in China will probably soon be forced to work independently. The Russian Opposition insists today, and the administration will very likely insist tomorrow (when the Kuomintang has expelled the Reds), that the coming year or two in China must be devoted to preparing the ground for the next stage of the revolution. Meanwhile, the feeling in Russia is widespread that China can never be united under a bourgeois regime. No one general can do it and no combination of generals will work effectively.

The Soviet Government, however, wishes to maintain amicable relations with all Chinese governments and regrets its inability to send a prominent personality to Nanking, despite its suppression of the labor movement. Every Chinese government today is anti-imperialist; it has to be. Even Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian war-lord, is not a mere Japanese puppet; he works with Tokio when he needs Tokio, but in matters of customs, internal revenues, and currency he is as anti-foreign as any zealot in the Kuomintang. It is the Communist thesis that anti-imperialism in China is today a product of unescapable, objective conditions. (Anti-imperialism alone, Radek interpolates, is not revolution.) Incidentally, the Bolsheviks silently hope that this fact will keep the Japanese from encouraging Chang Tso-lin to seize the partly Russian Chinese Eastern Railway. That—they believe, and hope the Japanese will fear—would whet his appetite for Japan's South Manchurian Railway.

Russians believe that Japan's star seems to be on the ascent in China. "The Japanese," a Russian said to me, "will take the place of the British on the Yangtze." Tokio's relations with Chang Tso-lin are close and decisive if not cordial, and the Nanking group, who need support, cannot turn to the Americans (because they won't give it), or to the British (because trafficking with them would ruin their prestige), or to the Russians because of Nanking's persecution of the labor and peasant movements. The Japanese remain. Russia is still extremely popular in Nationalist circles, and not long ago Nanking publicly courted Moscow's good-will. Nor can Feng break with the Bolsheviks. Feng is a man of the North; his domain borders on Soviet territory. As a matter of fact, he is regarded here as a good bet in the coming revolution. The ex-"Christian" general was never a Bolshevik, but he is a peasant and a son of the people. The Russian Bolsheviks place their greatest faith in the Chinese peasant movement, and perhaps the policy will now be to groom Feng as its leader, provided he consents to cooperate with the Communists at home. It is generally admitted that Moscow has more reliable figures on the Chinese village than most people in China. According to these data, half of all agricultural land in China is rented by the peasants—in Kwangtung, Honan, Hunan, Hupeh, and Shantung the percentage is higher, in the North lower. Rentals vary from 50 to 70 per cent of each harvest. The landowners are usually merchants and officials living in the cities.

This, the Communists submit, is the objective basis for the Chinese economic revolution which has not yet set in. The Nationalist-anti-imperialist-Kuomintang episode was only its prelude, if a very necessary one. And, say the Bolsheviks, the cause of the hundreds of millions may take months and years to succeed but succeed it must.

Nationalization of land, railways, and some pivotal industries; soviets; a workers' army; lower taxes, customs autonomy; encouragement of artisan production; and communist control—these form the program for China on which Stalin and the Opposition will probably agree before the next chapter of the Chinese revolution opens.

Contributors to This Issue

EZRA POUND is an expatriated American poet living in England, and the author of "Antheil" and "Personae: Collected Poems."

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Note—Owing to Navy Orders "Gagging" Rear Admiral Thos. P. Magruder, the scheduled Magruder-Russell Debate, "Should Navies Be Abolished?" for Saturday Evening, December 3rd, 1927, is Canceled, and the Hon. Bertrand Russell's Lecture will be delivered instead.

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